



THE ASSASSINATION GAMES

BY JOHN DORNEY

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY

A time-space traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED

His companion.

GROUP-CAPTAIN IAN GILMORE: SIMON WILLIAMS

Stiff upper-lip British officer.

RACHEL JENSEN: PAMELA SALEM

Hard-working scientist.

ALLISON WILLIAMS: KAREN GLEDHILL

Another hard-working scientist.

SIR TOBY KINSELLA: HUGH ROSS

Slippery civil servant.

SIR GIDEON VALE/ HANDLER:

(M, 40s) Millionaire arms dealer. /Russian handler.

ELEANOR VALE/ AMANDA CAULFIELD:

(F, 30s) Classy, cold, trophy wife. /Good-time girl, cockney.

MARTIN REGAN/ SIR ROBERT DEVERE/ MULRYNE:

(M, 40s) Anti-nuclear activist, Estuary./Government Chief Whip - oleaginous, posh. /Doomed politician.

SIR FRANCIS WHITE/ RITCHIE:

(M, 40s) Entitled, smug, defence minister./ Assassin, Estuary.

ALSO: JOURNALISTS, THUGS, POLICEMAN, GUARDS.

NB: This story takes place between *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* and *Battlefield*.

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PART ONE

OPENING THEME

1. PRESS CONFERENCE (AT DISTANCE)

(EXTERIOR — BIG BEN TOLLING NINE. CROSS TO INTERIOR — GENERAL HUBBUB OF JOURNALISTS. GILMORE WATCHING FROM BACK)

GILMORE:

(MUTTERING) 'Starfire'. What a needlessly melodramatic name.
(SIGH)

TOBY:

(APPROACHING) Something the matter, Gilmore?

GILMORE:

Oh, ah... nothing Sir Toby.

TOBY:

Nothing? Remind me to play bridge against you someday, Group-Captain, you're not a terribly good liar. Here's your tea.
(HANDS ONE OVER) So what is it? Come along man, spit it out. Not the drink, obviously.

GILMORE:

(SIPS) Well, if you really want to know, sir... everything.

TOBY:

Everything? Rather a sweeping statement, wouldn't you say?

GILMORE:

This is absurd. I know Her Majesty's Government has always viewed Counter-Measures as something of an irrelevancy, an unnecessary expense —

TOBY:

That's not true.

GILMORE:

Isn't it? We finally get to prove our mettle, show the politicians what we're worth... then before you know it, we're back on the sidelines in no time at all.

TOBY:

Sadly, whilst your activities during Market Garden were commendable, they're not exactly fit for general consumption. Even in the corridors of Westminster. When one has to speak in euphemisms and half-truths, it's difficult emphasising the severity of the situation.

GILMORE:

I thought we'd secure some actual funding at least, maybe even take over Maybury Hall permanently -

TOBY:

I'm working on it.

GILMORE:

But in the meantime my men are loaned out to other departments and I'm acting as some politician's errand boy.

TOBY:

Observer. Officially, we're both here as observers.

GILMORE:

My point stands. This a total waste of my time and government resources. I've no interest in this blasted missile anyway.

TOBY:

The Right Honourable Mister Rutherford was insistent. He seemed utterly convinced something was awry with the Starfire project and specifically requested you attend the Minister's briefing.

GILMORE:

No idea why he'd single me out. Never met the chap before in my life. Or Mulryne.

TOBY:

Perhaps your reputation proceeds you, Group-Captain. I know mine certainly does.

GILMORE:

You could have said no.

TOBY:

If you want proper backing for this pet project of yours, best to get as many members of the House on side as possible. Even paranoid independents with an anti-nuclear bias like Rutherford. This won't take more than half an hour. Did you have plans for this morning?

GILMORE:

No, but-

TOBY:

Precisely. My advice would be to grin and bear it.

GILMORE:

(SIGHS) Sir.

TOBY:

Good. Here comes the Minister now. (FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

2: INT. PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM WESTMINSTER [CONTINUOUS]

(CAMERA FLASHBULBS AS MULRYNE APPROACHES THE STAGE)

MULRYNE:

Good morning, Gentlemen and Ladies of the Press, if you could take your seats, please. Thank you for attending this final briefing in advance of tomorrow's test launch. I'm here to answer any last questions you may have about the Starfire nuclear missile programme-

(**JOURNALISTS:** 'MINISTER, MINISTER!')

Um... if you could wait one moment, I've a short statement to read that may save some time-

JOURNALIST #1:

Mister Mulryne, have you any comment to make regarding the allegations in today's papers that you lied to the House about the Caulfield affair?

MULRYNE:

(BEAT) Sorry, what?

JOURNALIST #1:

The Amanda Caulfield affair. You must remember her, Minister, I believe you were... 'intimately' acquainted.

MULRYNE:

(RATTLED) I think my statement to the Commons was more than clear, please, we're here to talk about Starfire -

JOURNALIST #2:

Minister, Miss Caulfield has today been recorded refuting your version of events and claiming you did in fact have an affair lasting several weeks, are you saying she's a liar?

MULRYNE:

... well, one of us certainly is.

JOURNALIST #2:

And you're saying it's her?

MULRYNE:

(BEAT) I'm saying my conscience is clear. If you really wish to trust a young lady of dubious morals over a Minister of the crown -

JOURNALIST #1:

I'm not sure there's many in Britain that wouldn't.

(**JOURNALISTS LAUGH**)

MULRYNE:

This is hardly germane to the discussion, if I could please ask you to focus on Starfire and –

RITCHIE:

(TOWARDS THE BACK) Minister, with the delicate political situation in the world following the Cuban crisis and America's recent tragedy, is the development of a new inter-continental ballistic missile really the action of a responsible government?

(SILENCE)

MULRYNE:

Thank you at least for addressing the subject at hand even if you couldn't wait patiently. I'll go into this in more detail later on, but for now... yes. Yes, I do believe it is. In fact I would go so far as to say that it would be irresponsible not to develop Starfire as a deterrent. Nuclear weapons are the armaments of peace, not war. I hope that answers your question.

RITCHIE:

Yes. I'm afraid it does.

(HE SHOOTS MULRYNE THREE TIMES RAPIDLY. HORRIFIED REACTIONS FROM THE JOURNALISTS, MULRYNE DROPS, RITCHIE RUNS. CROSS TO:)

3. PRESS CONFERENCE (AT DISTANCE) [CONTINUOUS]

(ABOVE THE HUBBUB)

TOBY:

Good Lord!

GILMORE:

Man just shot him!

TOBY:

Get after him, Gilmore! He's heading for the exit —

(GILMORE GIVES CHASE)

GILMORE:

Clear the way! Coming through!

(HE STRUGGLES THROUGH THE PANICKING CROWD)

4. CORRIDOR

(RITCHIE BURSTS OUT. COMMOTION AND PANIC BEHIND HIM)

CONSTABLE:

(APPROACHING) Oi, stay where you-

(RITCHIE SHOOTS HIM. POLICEMAN DROPS)

RITCHIE:

Keep back the lot of you. KEEP BACK!

(FIRES A FEW RANDOM SHOTS. SCREAMS EVERYWHERE. HE RACES OFF.
BEAT. GILMORE BURSTS OUT)

GILMORE:

Right, let's see- (RUNS TO STOP) - oh, hell. (RAISING VOICE)
Where'd he go? Did anyone see which way he went?

(SOME WORRIED PEOPLE SHOUT 'THAT WAY', 'OUT')

- Parliament Square.

(CHARGES OFF)

5. PRESS CONFERENCE

(PANIC SUBSIDING, TOBY TRYING TO SAVE MULRYNE)

TOBY:

Come on Mulryne, don't die on me. Always were a stubborn blighter, not going to let three bullets have the better of you, are you? You survived D-day, you'll survive this, come on! Drinks at the club this after- No.

(A FINAL EXHALATION OF BREATH FROM MULRYNE)

No. He's gone.

JOURNALIST:

Did you get that? Tell me you got that.

6. EXT. PARLIAMENT SQUARE

(WINTER MORNING. GILMORE RUNNING, ACTIVATES HIS RADIO)

GILMORE:

If anyone's listening – this is Group-Captain Gilmore of the Intrusion Counter-Measures Group! I'm right behind the gunman, now entering Westminster Tube!

(RADIO OFF AS HE RUNS INTO...)

7. INT. TUBE STATION [CONTINUOUS]

(GILMORE THUNDERS DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE CONCOURSE. PANIC, SCREAMS)

GILMORE:

Man with a gun. Which way?

TUBE GUARD:

(TERRIFIED) Eastbound, Eastbound.

GILMORE:

Put this station into lockdown. Evacuate the passengers, direct trains not to stop. Don't let him get out of here.

(RUNS OFF)

8. EASTBOUND PLATFORM

(RITCHIE BREATHING RAGGEDLY, CLOSE)

TANNOY:

(LOOPED) This is an emergency evacuation. Will all passengers kindly proceed to the ticket hall in an orderly fashion.

(REPEATS)

RITCHIE:

No. No, no, no, no, no.

GILMORE:

(DISTANT) Hello? Hello? Are you there?

(GILMORE ADVANCES, SLOWLY)

I know you can hear me. Might as well give yourself up, there are no trains stopping. It's all over, I'm afraid.

(PAUSE)

The police know where you are, they'll be closing every exit. Best just to come quietly, I'd say.

(RITCHIE STEPS OUT)

RITCHIE:

Stay back. Stay back or I shoot.

GILMORE:

Ah. There you are.

RITCHIE:

I mean it.

GILMORE:

No doubt. Come on, man. Think about it. You'll get captured one way or the other. Killing me won't make things better.

RITCHIE:

Won't make things worse. Can't hang me twice. Might as well take down as many as I can, it's my only chance.

GILMORE:

Listen, no!

RITCHIE:

Sorry, but —

(AN UMBRELLA THWACKS ONTO RITCHIE'S ARM AS HE SHOOTS. SHOT GOES WILD)

RITCHIE:

(DROPPING THE GUN) Aargh! My hand! Who the-?

DOCTOR:

I would prefer you not to shoot at friends of mine, if it's all the same to you.

GILMORE:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Get his gun.

GILMORE:

Right you are.

(RUNS OVER, PICKS UP THE GUN)

RITCHIE:

Dropped it. You made me drop it.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well, the hand may be quicker than the eye, but it seems the umbrella is quicker than the hand.

RITCHIE:

Where the hell did you come from?

DOCTOR:

Trust me. You don't want to know.

GILMORE:

Doctor, be careful, this man is dangerous, he's -

DOCTOR:

- assassinated the Right Honourable Stephen Mulryne MP, Secretary of State for Defence. Yes, I'm aware. Although the term 'Right Honourable' is something of a moot point if rumours are to be believed.

(A TUBE'S APPROACHING)

GILMORE:

I've never really been that into politics. Alright then you, hands in the air, best not to take any chances.

RITCHIE:

This isn't over. This is only the beginning.

GILMORE:

Yes, the beginning of a long stretch. Either in a barren cell or at the end of a rope.

RITCHIE:

You can't stop us. D.N's going to win in the end.

GILMORE:

D.N? Sorry, what's D.N?

RITCHIE:

We're going to save you all. I just won't be there to see it.

GILMORE:

What?

RITCHIE:

Yaargh!

GILMORE:

No!

(RITCHIE LEAPS INTO THE PATH OF THE TUBE-TRAIN. BRAKES SQUEAL — BUT IT'S TOO LATE. BEAT.)

GILMORE:

Dammit, man, why couldn't you just come quietly? Doctor, did you- Doctor? (SILENCE) Doctor, where have you gone? Doctor?

9. VALE MANSION (HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM)

(ELEANOR APPROACHING ACROSS WOODEN FLOOR)

ELEANOR:

Professor Rachel Jensen. I'm Eleanor Vale. Now isn't this a pleasure.

RACHEL:

Good morning.

(THEY SHAKE HANDS AND WALK)

ELEANOR:

If you'll follow me? My husband will be along shortly. He sends his apologies but with the launch tomorrow he's up to his neck in paperwork, I'm sure you understand-

RACHEL:

Absolutely. It's quite alright.

ELEANOR:

Have the footmen taken your luggage? - I believe you're staying in the East Wing.

RACHEL:

Er, yes. They've been perfectly attentive. Although I'm not certain I'll need to stay overnight.

ELEANOR:

Don't be ridiculous. The tour takes several hours. What sort of hosts would we be if we forced you out into a cold November night without so much as a hot meal inside you? It's our pleasure to extend a little hospitality.

RACHEL:

Thank you. And thank you for finding the time to meet with me.

ELEANOR:

Please, it's an honour, you're a legend. Sir Broderick always spoke of you most glowingly.

RACHEL:

Did he indeed.

ELEANOR:

If you'll come through into the drawing room it must be time for elevenses.

(THEY WALK THROUGH A DOOR. ELEANOR RINGS BELL)

ELEANOR:

Do you have a preference? Earl Grey, Darjeeling, Lapsang Souchong?

RACHEL:

I usually just go for plain old English Breakfast, but in this case I'll... have what you're having.

ELEANOR:

Excellent. I think perhaps... Lady Grey. It feels that sort of morning.

(ACE ENTERS)

ACE:

You rang, Ma'am?

RACHEL:

(MUTTERED) What in-

ELEANOR:

Yes, Dorothy, thank you. A pot of Lady Grey, if you would, with the usual selection.

ACE:

Very good ma'am.

(ACE EXITS)

ELEANOR:

It'll be here presently. Sorry, is something the matter? You've gone white as a sheet.

RACHEL:

I, um...

ELEANOR:

Did Dorothy disturb you? She is new, I'm not sure her manners are up to scratch. If there's a problem I can have her removed-

RACHEL:

No, no, it's not that, it's just I... Can I use your phone?

10. OFFICES, WHITEHALL

(BACKGROUND BUSTLE. TYPING POOL, ETC.)

TOBY:

The Doctor?

GILMORE:

Yes. Popped out of nowhere, bold as brass. No idea how he got there, but dashed glad he did, fellah saved my life.

TOBY:

Then I'm sure we're grateful for his intervention. He would be the gentleman you met in Coal Hill, is that right?

GILMORE:

'Man' is something of a misnomer, sir, I think he's best described as... an outsider.

TOBY:

An extra-terrestrial? Yes, I had heard the rumours. How intriguing.

GILMORE:

If he's mixed up in this Starfire business, there's clearly more to it than meets the eye. We need to look into it further.

TOBY:

Really, Group-Captain? I thought you said you weren't interested in that 'blasted missile'?

GILMORE:

That was before I knew the Doctor was involved. Last time we met, all hell broke loose. Call it instinct, call it experience but I don't think he shows up anywhere without a damn good reason.

TOBY:

It is technically now a matter for the police. Hardly within our jurisdiction.

GILMORE:

Maybe so, but my mind's made up.

TOBY:

Good man. I hoped you'd say that. Take a look at these files.

(THROWS FOLDERS ON THE DESK. GILMORE PICKS ONE UP. LEAFS THROUGH)

GILMORE:

What are these?

TOBY:

If this Doctor's presence is anything like the call to arms you suggest, it strikes me we've one problem.

GILMORE:

Which is?

TOBY:

Identifying the particular aspect of this case that's grasped his attention. By my count we have three possible lines of enquiry. Take a look at the first folder.

(GILMORE FLIPS IT OPEN)

Anyone you recognise?

GILMORE:

This is our gunman.

TOBY:

David Ritchie. Age thirty-one. Bit of a lefty.

GILMORE:

You know of him?

TOBY:

He's been on our radar for quite some time. The story's fairly typical. Student activism. Member of the Communist party until departing in protest at the invasion of Hungary. Early doors in the anti-nuclear movement. His actions get increasingly radical until he's ejected for extremism. Said peaceful protest could only go so far and would be more than likely ignored.

GILMORE:

So how on Earth did he get through security at Westminster? Surely he'd have been tagged.

TOBY:

Oh, he was. Troubling, isn't it? Someone must have smuggled him in, false press pass, fake identity, the lot. Whatever else, we can be certain of one thing. He didn't act alone. You mentioned that shortly before his unfortunate encounter with the London Underground he said something about... D.N.

GILMORE:

Yes. I don't know what that means.

TOBY:

Then you should get out more. I think he's referring to 'Disarmament Now'. They keep themselves to themselves, but intelligence suggests they're a splinter group of similarly zealous like-minded individuals who believe the whole anti-nuclear crusade should be brought up a notch. It isn't merely a campaign for them. It's a war.

GILMORE:

And you think assassinating the politician directly in charge of a new wave of missiles is a declaration of hostilities?

TOBY:

Seems awfully likely, doesn't it?

GILMORE:

Yes. Next?

TOBY:

The question of Mulryne himself.

GILMORE:

The dead man?

TOBY:

Bit of an odd target, wouldn't you say? For a political assassination?

GILMORE:

Not given what you've just told me. He was Minister of Defence.

TOBY:

But for how long? You heard those questions at the press conference. A scandal was brewing, heads were ready to roll, I'm sure his decapitation was only a matter of time. Take a look at the next folder.

(GILMORE OPENS FOLDER)

GILMORE:

Who's this?

TOBY:

Amanda Caulfield, thirty years of age. Bit old for a good time girl, I'd have thought, and the make-up's a shade over-done but there's no accounting for taste. Mulryne met her at a party. By all accounts the affair only lasted a few weeks but the political ramifications rumble on.

GILMORE:

How so?

TOBY:

Unbeknownst to him, it appears that at precisely the same time he was seeing her, she was also enjoying the attentions of this gentleman.

(THROWS A PHOTO DOWN)

Aleksy Salinsky. Ostensibly a Naval Attaché at the Russian Embassy. In reality... a spy.

GILMORE:

Which given Mulryne's position has serious security implications.

TOBY:

Quite. His political life could be counted in minutes, which makes ending his actual life rather the waste of time. Salinsky's on the run, hiding out goodness only knows where. Does suggest he has something to hide. Might be worth a look.

GILMORE:

And the final area of interest?

(OPENS A FOLDER)

TOBY:

Isn't it obvious? Starfire itself. That's Sir Gideon Vale, its developer. He's made multiple millions from arms manufacture over the years, quite the Wunderkind. After the abandonment of Blue Streak he made our government a remarkable offer. Wants to see England back at the forefront of international affairs apparently, volunteered to work on a replacement programme at nominal cost...

GILMORE:

Rather generous for a multi-millionaire. They usually make their money by not giving things away for free.

TOBY:

Maybe he's being altruistic.

GILMORE:

I'd say a philanthropic arms dealer's a contradiction in terms.

TOBY:

Perhaps. He's been working on Starfire in the private laboratories of his mansion on the outskirts of London, only a select few have been allowed to see it.

GILMORE:

Definitely one to check out. The activist, the politician and the millionaire. Where to start? Vale's rather leaping out, I have to say. With the launch tomorrow, strikes me he's the priority.

TOBY:

The thought had occurred. Which is why you're staying away.

GILMORE:

What?

(PHONE RINGS)

TOBY:

One moment please. (SNATCHES UP PHONE) Kinsella.

RACHEL:

(DISTORT) Sorry, is that Counter-Measures?

TOBY:

Ah, Professor Jensen. How good to hear from you.

GILMORE:

Rachel?

(CROSS TO:)

11. VALE MANSION (HALLWAY) [CONTINUOUS]

(RACHEL ON PHONE)

RACHEL:

Is Ian there?

TOBY:

(DISTORT) I'll put you straight through.

(ON THE PHONE, THE RECEIVER BEING PASSED)

GILMORE:

(DISTORT) Rachel, are you alright?

RACHEL:

I'm fine, but I've had a bit of a shock. Ian, you'll never guess who I just saw...

GILMORE:

(DISTORT) You know, I've a horrible feeling I will.

12. [DELETED]

13. WESTMINSTER. DEVERE'S OFFICE

(DEVERE WRITING. DOOR KNOCK)

DEVERE:

Enter.

(DOOR OPENS, FRANCIS ENTERS)

WHITE:

You wanted to see me, Chief Whip?

DEVERE:

Yes I did, Francis. Take a seat. Scotch? Or is it too early?

(DEVERE OPENS A DRINKS CABINET. FRANCIS SITS)

WHITE:

I... rarely imbibe before luncheon. Bad for my digestion.

DEVERE:

Very wise. I, on the other hand, throw caution to the wind. I start at the earliest available opportunity.

(POURS HIMSELF A DRINK. SITS)

So. I think we both know why we're here. Poor old Stephen.

WHITE:

Yes, bad business.

DEVERE:

Bad, bad business.

(BEAT. NEITHER OF THEM CAN RESIST LAUGHING)

I'm sorry, I should try harder, but sometimes it's impossible to keep a straight face.

WHITE:

I know. When Miriam broke the news, it was all I could do to look surprised. I had to pretend I was choking on my cereal.

DEVERE:

Hazard of the job, dear boy, hazard of the job. Regardless, given the immediacy of the Starfire launch, it appears our glorious Lord and master requires a new Minister of Defence. He was wondering if you wouldn't have any interest in the role.

WHITE:

(FLAT, NOT SURPRISED AT ALL) Me? Gosh. What a surprise. This is all so sudden.

DEVERE:

Don't over-egg it, old chap.

WHITE:

And he came to this conclusion entirely of his own accord?

DEVERE:

Naturally. I'm certain he believes that.

WHITE:

Of course. Well, it's a very flattering offer, obviously. I'm honoured by your faith. It'd be churlish to refuse.

DEVERE:

Excellent. I shall inform the PM of your decision.

WHITE:

I assure you the initial testing of Starfire will take place precisely as planned.

DEVERE:

I had no doubt it would.

WHITE:

And... you?

DEVERE:

Me? Oh, everything's in hand. The next incident is arranged and I believe we've orchestrated Salinsky's escape to Russia. Everything's going swimmingly.

WHITE:

Isn't it just? You know... I think I may have that drink after all.

14. VALE MANSION

(RACHEL ENTERS)

RACHEL:

Sorry, I just remembered-

ELEANOR:

How many times do I have to tell you, girl, put the milk in last!

ACE:

I'm sorry, Mrs Vale.

ELEANOR:

And only the slightest drop, you'll drown it.

ACE:

It's just not the way I'm used to.

ELEANOR:

Thankfully not everyone lives the way you're used to. If I wished it served in a cracked cup with a custard cream, I would ask for that. Then I'd ask for a bullet between my eyes. Out of my sight.

ACE:

Mrs Vale-

ELEANOR:

Go!

(ACE EXITS)

It's a cliché, I know, but you really can't get the staff.

RACHEL:

You shouldn't be hard on the girl, I'm sure she's trying her best.

ELEANOR:

I don't want someone who tries their best, Professor, I want someone who achieves it.

GIDEON:

(APPROACHING FROM BEHIND) ... Which rather explains your choice of husband, my dear.

ELEANOR:

Darling. I really wish you wouldn't sneak up like that. It's unnerving.

GIDEON:

But I do so like to make an entrance.

RACHEL:

You must be Sir Gideon.

GIDEON:

Oh, please, need we be so formal? Just 'Sir' will be fine. Eleanor, one of your friends rang, they want you in town. No idea why. Presumably there's a sale on at Harrods.

ELEANOR:

But I've just poured.

GIDEON:

I won't waste it. Get along. Let's not cause a scene.

(BEAT)

ELEANOR:

Good day, Professor.

RACHEL:

Good day.

(ELEANOR EXITS)

GIDEON:

So. I take it you want to see the labs?

15. WHITEHALL

GILMORE:

You sent in Rachel?

TOBY:

A full military inspection could have been viewed as provocative. But a well regarded scientist? Far less likely to alert their suspicions.

GILMORE:

But Rachel was on leave. She's not sure if she wants anything more to do with Counter-Measures.

TOBY:

That's why I didn't tell her it was us. As far as she's aware it's a fact-finding mission for the Government. I do hope you didn't disabuse her of that notion.

GILMORE:

No.

TOBY:

Had she found something?

GILMORE:

Nothing about the rocket, something far more troubling.

TOBY:

Oh?

GILMORE:

The Doctor's assistant. Girl called 'Ace'. Seems to be working under-cover as a maid.

TOBY:

Then it would appear we're on the correct track.

GILMORE:

She also said security there was through the roof. Vale has practically a private army.

TOBY:

He is dealing with nuclear weaponry, in the circumstances it's hardly injudicious.

GILMORE:

Nonetheless, I'd feel more comfortable if you allowed me to lend a hand.

TOBY:

No. I've a far more appropriate application of your talents.

GILMORE:

Infiltrating D.N., I suppose.

TOBY:

Of course not. I want you to speak to Amanda Caulfield.

GILMORE:

Mulryne's girl? But that's ridiculous.

TOBY:

I never thought I'd hear you complain about dallying with a young lady.

GILMORE:

If what you say is true, D.N's a borderline terrorist organisation.

TOBY:

And you're military through and through. They'd recognise you as a plant from a hundred yards in the dark. Whilst looking the other way. Covert operations are scarcely your speciality.

GILMORE:

I hardly think that's fair.

TOBY:

They are a potentially dangerous organisation. They'll conduct background checks, psychological evaluations, they won't let anyone in unless they fit the profile. At this short notice, we needed someone who already matched.

GILMORE:

So who did you pick?

TOBY:

Who did we select to infiltrate a duffel-coat-clad anti-nuclear commune? Who do you think?

16. OFFICES

(ALLISON PACKING)

GILMORE:

... And you're fine with this, Miss Williams?

ALLISON:

Not exactly. But I've no choice. I suppose after what we've been through, extremist protesters should be a walk in the park.

GILMORE:

Shoreditch was rather traumatic. For all of us. Nobody would have blamed you if you hadn't stayed on.

ALLISON:

Really? Rachel had gone, I couldn't leave you in the lurch.

GILMORE:

Don't think we're not grateful.

ALLISON:

I don't. Anyway, I think I'd go mad if I was stuck in at home all day. End up Julian's test case, not his girlfriend.

GILMORE:

Yes, far from us to destroy the golden romance. For what it's worth, I agree. Work's the best way to take your mind off it all.

ALLISON:

Speaking from experience, are we?

(ALLISON PICKS UP A PHOTO)

This the woman you're interviewing?

GILMORE:

Yes.

ALLISON:

Striking.

GILMORE:

If you like that sort of thing. She'll be here in a few hours. Toby's having her brought in. She's been in hiding, keeping her face out of the papers, but even she can't escape his wily gaze. (BEAT) Take care. If things start getting sticky, if you feel out of your depth in any way -

ALLISON:

- I know who to call. Thank you.

GILMORE:

Don't mention it.

(SHE MOVES TO EXIT. STOPS)

ALLISON:

If the Doctor's back, we're in an awful lot of trouble, aren't we?

GILMORE:

(BEAT) Yes. Yes, I'm very much afraid we are.

17. VALE LABORATORIES

(MINOR LEVEL SCIENTIFIC BUSTLING FROM TECHNICIANS AROUND, GIDEON AND RACHEL WALKING THROUGH)

GIDEON:

The last ten years or so have seen a gradual waning away of everything that made our country good, Professor Jensen. Suez, the end of Empire. We are a shadow of our former self, we are merely 'Britain'. It is time to become 'Great' once more.

RACHEL:

And you think Starfire will do that?

GIDEON:

I'm certain it will. For too long now the United Kingdom has languished in the muddy backwaters of international affairs, a second-class country. Many of us have dreamt of being returned to the world stage. Starfire is that dream made real.

RACHEL:

I thought it was just a missile.

GIDEON:

It is far more than just a missile. It's a statement of intent. The major failing of Blue Streak was its susceptibility to pre-emptive strike. Starfire has all that destructive power and more, yet it's much smaller. It can be launched portably. From an undetectable submarine, a roaming plane, even a small truck.

RACHEL:

Gosh.

GIDEON:

It's fast. By the time it reaches its target they've barely noticed the launch. Scarcely any time to retaliate. It only arms itself half-way through it's flight, so plenty of time to abort, and most importantly of all, we've developed a contained nuclear warhead – devastation would be wide ranging, but the radiation released comparatively minor – less chance of nuclear winter. An attack on Russia would leave the UK practically untouched.

RACHEL:

You're saying it's a First Strike with no consequences. Isn't that a little irresponsible?

GIDEON:

They're called deterrents for a reason, Professor Jensen. Mutually assured destruction is a powerful threat, but that's its very problem. No one truly believes another country would voluntarily take an action leading to its own inevitable destruction, but an action it will survive? That's a different matter.

RACHEL:

What can I say? If nothing else it is a huge leap of technology.

GIDEON:

Well, I am a minor level genius. Why do you think I'm a millionaire? Whilst tomorrow it's only going to be a dummy warhead, thanks to Mister Macmillan's lovely treaty, I think its message shall be quite clear. Mess with us and the flames of heaven will rain down upon you.

RACHEL:

Hence the missile's name.

GIDEON:

Exactly. I have taken the fires of the Gods themselves.

RACHEL:

You're a modern Prometheus.

GIDEON:

Quite.

RACHEL:

Wasn't that the subtitle of Frankenstein?

(BEAT)

GIDEON:

Shall we continue?

(THEY WALK OFF)

18. WHITEHALL

(GILMORE LEAVING AN OFFICE, AMANDA INSIDE, TOBY OUTSIDE. WE CAN JUST HEAR BIG BEN TOLLING TWO)

AMANDA:

(CALLING) Do I get lunch? I was promised lunch.

GILMORE:

Yes, I'll have a word with the canteen.

AMANDA:

Cheers, ducky, you're a diamond.

(GILMORE CLOSES THE DOOR)

GILMORE:

You have no idea.

TOBY:

Well?

GILMORE:

The girl was next to useless.

TOBY:

I'm sorry to hear that. Does she not like men in uniform?

GILMORE:

She liked me well enough. Just had nothing to say. No real interest in the world beyond the confines of her tiny little flat. Didn't even seem bothered about the death of someone she'd been... 'acquainted' with.

TOBY:

Pity. No useful leads at all?

GILMORE:

Not really. Said it was possible Mulryne had accidentally leaked information. Left a briefcase behind one day. She put it aside, next time she looked it had gone, but that was after further visits from both Mulryne and Salinsky so she can't be certain who took it. Beyond that - nothing.

TOBY:

You think she's a dead end.

GILMORE:

Unfortunate turn of phrase... but yes.

TOBY:

Hmm. We should still keep an eye out for the Russian regardless.

GILMORE:

I did have one other thought, though.

TOBY:

Oh?

GILMORE:

You said Ritchie couldn't have been acting alone. We know his affiliation with D.N, but maybe there's someone on the inside. A possible sympathiser.

TOBY:

Had you anyone particular in mind?

GILMORE:

Yes. Rutherford.

TOBY:

John Rutherford? Really?

GILMORE:

Think about it. An independent elected on an anti-nuclear platform. He'll certainly have a lot of affinity with their cause.

TOBY:

I suppose so.

GILMORE:

More than that, he wanted me there. Watching. Almost as if he knew something was going to happen.

TOBY:

But why would he wish you to attend? You foiled Ritchie's escape.

GILMORE:

At the cost of his life. Maybe that's what he was banking on. Dead men don't tell tales. I'm not claiming to have all the answers, but it's a solid lead.

(BEAT)

TOBY:

Would you like to meet Mister Rutherford?

GILMORE:

Very much.

(MUSICAL SEGUE TO:)

19. WESTMINSTER CORRIDOR

(TOBY AND GILMORE WALKING)

TOBY:

He was elected six months ago. The Government had been looking into building American missile bases in his constituency, there was a great deal of public ill-will. He got in by a landslide.

GILMORE:

Bit unusual for an Independent.

TOBY:

You're underestimating the strength of feeling in the area, the Cuban crisis was fresh in their minds. Since then he's been an assiduous presence in the House, contributing to all the debates, voting on all the issues, although strangely camera shy. He says he didn't enter politics to be a celebrity. Claims it gets in the way of his work. This is him.

(THEY STOP. TOBY KNOCKS)

GILMORE:

Not the most pre-possessing of offices.

(IT OPENS)

Good lord.

TOBY:

Good afternoon, I'm Sir Tobias Kinsella, we have met before. I wanted to introduce you to my colleague, Group-Captain Gilmore. He has some questions he wants to ask you.

GILMORE:

I, ah... hello.

DOCTOR:

Hello. Pleased to meet you, Group-Captain. I'm the Right Honourable John Rutherford MP. Won't you come in?

(CLOSING THEME)

PART TWO

(OPENING THEME)

19. WESTMINSTER CORRIDOR

(TOBY KNOCKS)

GILMORE:

Not the most pre-possessing of offices.

(IT OPENS)

Good lord.

TOBY:

Good afternoon Sir, I'm Sir Tobias Kinsella, we have met before. I wanted to introduce you to my colleague, Group-Captain Gilmore. He has some questions he wants to ask you.

GILMORE:

I, ah... hello.

DOCTOR:

Hello. Pleased to meet you, Group-Captain. I'm the Right Honourable John Rutherford MP. Won't you come in?

(CONTINUES INTO:)

20. RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

(GILMORE AND TOBY ENTER. THEY CROSS TO A DESK)

TOBY:

Well, the rumours were certainly true. I've never seen such a spartan office.

DOCTOR:

I find the clarity focuses the mind.

TOBY:

No secretary?

DOCTOR:

My assistant is occupied elsewhere. Take a seat.

(TOBY AND THE DOCTOR SIT)

Group-Captain?

GILMORE:

(BEAT) Sorry, Doc- Sir. Bit distracted.

(HE SITS)

DOCTOR:

That's quite alright. Today's events have been distressing for everyone. I believe you were actually on the scene when the incident took place?

GILMORE:

I was, yes.

TOBY:

Gilmore here ran the cove down, only narrowly missed bringing him in alive.

DOCTOR:

Then distraction is only to be expected. You have the gratitude of the House, Group-Captain. Best such a dangerous fellow isn't left unchecked.

TOBY:

Actually, it's with regards to today's incident that we wanted to talk with you.

DOCTOR:

Oh?

TOBY:

Gilmore, if you wouldn't mind-?

(BEAT)

GILMORE:

Pardon?

TOBY:

The questions you wished to put to the Honourable Member.

GILMORE:

(DISTRACTED) Yes. Questions. Of course. Those questions.

TOBY:

What's the matter with you, man, are you quite well?

GILMORE:

Not exactly, Sir.

DOCTOR:

No matter, have a glass of water.

(POURS A GLASS, HANDS IT OVER)

GILMORE:

Thank you. (SIPS)

DOCTOR:

Not a problem. I think I know why you wanted to talk to me. You want to know why I was so interested in that press conference in the first place.

TOBY:

The thought had crossed our minds. You specifically requested the Group-Captain's presence, despite never having met him.

DOCTOR:

What can I say, he came highly recommended.

TOBY:

And you were convinced all was not well with the Starfire project.

DOCTOR:

I heard rumours to that effect, yes.

TOBY:

Rumours? Where from?

DOCTOR:

You wouldn't believe me.

TOBY:

D.N., perhaps?

DOCTOR:

Disarmament Now? Why might you think that?

TOBY:

The last words of our late assassin did imply their involvement. What I find more interesting is that you're already aware of their existence. I don't believe that's exactly broadcast information.

DOCTOR:

As a one-issue politician, I have to keep abreast of all pertinent issues.

TOBY:

Even those requiring top-level security clearances?

DOCTOR:

Particularly those. I have friends in high places.

TOBY:

So you're denying a connection.

DOCTOR:

Oh, they're connected alright. Just not to me. Is there anything else? I have constituents to serve.

TOBY:

Gilmore?

GILMORE:

Ah... no, Sir Toby. I think that's fine.

TOBY:

Good grief.

DOCTOR:

Then I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful.

(THEY CROSS THE ROOM, DOCTOR OPENS THE DOOR)

Group-Captain. If anything further leaps to mind, you're welcome to get in touch. Here's my card.

(HANDS HIM ONE)

GILMORE:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

Good day.

TOBY:

Thank you for your time.

(TOBY AND GILMORE EXIT INTO:)

21. WESTMINSTER CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

(THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND THEM)

TOBY:

What the devil was that? I thought you wanted to talk to him, Gilmore, not sit around sculling water like a blasted goldfish!

GILMORE:

I'm sorry, sir, it's just-

(NEARBY, AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION)

What the blazes?

(THEY RACE DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

22. DPM'S OFFICE

(GILMORE AND TOBY CHARGE UP, SKID TO A HALT, START COUGHING.
SMOKE EVERYWHERE, DEBRIS FALLING, SMALL FIRES)

TOBY:

That's the Deputy Prime Minister's office!

GILMORE:

Might have been once, but not any more. That explosion must
have taken out three floors!

TOBY:

Was he in there? Will someone tell me if he was in there?

(DISTANT SIRENS. FADE OUT)

23. INT. PUB, WESTMINSTER

(SIRENS PASSING OUTSIDE)

ALLISON:

That doesn't sound good.

REGAN:

Miss Williams?

(ALLISON JUMPS)

ALLISON:

Oh! You startled me.

REGAN:

Sorry, need to be a bit furtive in my business.

ALLISON:

I can understand. Do you know what's happening out there? I thought I heard an explosion.

REGAN:

You don't say. (SITS) Word on the street is you wanted in with Disarmament Now.

ALLISON:

I – Yes. Is that you?

REGAN:

Aren't many people know about D.N. Those that do's either with us, or in the services. Which is you, I wonder?

ALLISON:

I was told by David Ritchie.

REGAN:

David?

ALLISON:

Yes. Some time back. He was a friend of mine.

REGAN:

Was he? In't that a coincidence. Man goes ape, shoots up an MP, suddenly his old mates come out the wood work.

ALLISON:

We'd lost touch. This morning reminded me of him. What he stood for. What I stood for.

REGAN:

So you thought you'd track us down.

ALLISON:

Last I'd heard he was with you. People said this pub was a D.N hangout, had to be worth a shot.

REGAN:

Worth a shot? (LAUGHS) Ironic term in the circumstances, innit?

ALLISON:

I suppose, yes.

(PAUSE)

REGAN:

Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Williams, but David was a bit extreme, even for our tastes. We kicked him out two months ago.

ALLISON:

Oh.

REGAN:

And I think this morning proved that was the right choice. Kill someone, you lose the argument, know what I mean?

ALLISON:

I think so.

REGAN:

We're after a safe and peaceful world, murder's counter-productive to that, don't you think?

ALLISON:

Not if you believe it makes people scared. Changes their mind.

REGAN:

I'd say the cold, hard facts are scary enough. The longer these weapons exist, the greater the chances everyone on this planet's annihilated. We need to get that out there, get people's attention.

ALLISON:

Today certainly did that.

REGAN:

Yeah, but it don't get them on side. We're a peaceful organisation, Miss Williams. I understand why David did what he did, but I ain't agreeing with his methods. We're more into non-violent protest.

ALLISON:

That's all?

REGAN:

That's all. And that's what we're doing at the launch tomorrow.

ALLISON:

What are you planning?

REGAN:

Now, now. Let's not spoil the surprise.

(PAUSE)

ALLISON:

I want in.

REGAN:

Thought you might. You'll understand if I don't trust you.

ALLISON:

I wouldn't understand if you did. Do whatever you want, check my history, talk to your colleagues.

REGAN:

Oh, I will. I'll let you know.

(HE MOVE TO GO)

ALLISON:

One thing.

REGAN:

Yeah?

ALLISON:

I like to know who I'm dealing with too. What's your name?

REGAN:

My name?

ALLISON:

I don't trust you either. Perhaps I should do some checks of my own.

(BEAT)

REGAN:

Regan. Martin Regan. See you tomorrow.

(HE EXITS)

ALLISON:

Oh, yes. You certainly will.

24. VALE LABORATORIES

(GIDEON AND RACHEL WALKING)

GIDEON:

And back where we started.

RACHEL:

Five o'clock. She wasn't wrong about the tour taking hours. This place is vast.

GIDEON:

You can't change the world in miniature, Professor. Starfire is but one of myriad projects I'm undertaking.

RACHEL:

It dwarfs every lab we've got at Cambridge, I'll tell you that. And yet still there's more!

GIDEON:

Sorry?

(RACHEL CROSSES THE ROOM)

RACHEL:

We haven't been in this section, have we?

GIDEON:

Ah, no, and there's a good reason for that. That wing contains my most sensitive experiments and technology. Access is by security code only. And you don't have that.

RACHEL:

But I presume you do?

GIDEON:

Don't get me wrong. I'd like nothing more than to show you what we're working on through there, it really is most exciting, but rules are rules. I can't make exceptions for anyone. Anyone.

RACHEL:

Don't you trust me?

GIDEON:

Now isn't that a question.

(ACE ENTERS)

ACE:

Sir Gideon.

GIDEON:

Yes, Dorothy?

ACE:

Lady Vale's returned from her shopping trip. She was wondering when you wanted dinner.

GIDEON:

The usual time. Oh, and no pork. You people don't like pork, do you? I have got that right, haven't I?

RACHEL:

(GRITTED TEETH) Yes.

GIDEON:

If you could pass that on to Chef then, Dorothy.

ACE:

Very good, sir.

(SHE GOES TO LEAVE)

RACHEL:

Actually, um, if you could stay one moment, I- Er...

(SILENCE)

GIDEON:

Yes? Did you want her for something?

ACE:

Miss?

(SILENCE)

RACHEL:

I... I might need some help unpacking this evening, getting ready and so on... I wonder if I could steal Dorothy for a few hours, just to give a hand.

GIDEON:

I'm not sure that's possible.

ACE:

Er, it's quite alright, sir. I believe I'm already rota'd on to assist Professor Jensen.

GIDEON:

I believe the correct word is 'rostered'. Very well, we can't argue with Mister Figgis' organisational skills. By all means then, you can offer the Professor your services. In the meantime, hurry along, don't keep Eleanor waiting.

ACE:

Yes, sir.

(SHE LEAVES)

RACHEL:

I'm sorry, I should have asked your permission, it's just... she reminds me of someone I used to know.

GIDEON:

I do hope not. Professor, that girl's hardly the right sort to be fraternising with. Be careful. You don't want to give her ideas above her station.

RACHEL:

I won't.

(BEAT)

GIDEON:

Very well, the tour is complete. I look forward to your company at supper. Now – I'll get someone to show you to your room.

RACHEL:

If you would.

25. WHITE'S OFFICES

(WHITE ENTERS, CHEERILY HUM-HUM-HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

DOCTOR:

Rather a jaunty little tune, wouldn't you say? For a day when two of your colleagues have been murdered.

WHITE:

(HE STOPS) John Rutherford.

DOCTOR:

Sir Francis White. Secretary of State for Defence. The new Secretary of State for Defence.

WHITE:

Yeeesss. I suppose given your political preferences a passing visit was inevitable, but today? Isn't that a trifle tactless?

DOCTOR:

As tactless as jumping into a dead man's career before his lovely leather-style seat has even gone cold?

WHITE:

Given tomorrow's launch, the PM wanted someone in place immediately.

DOCTOR:

And you were more than happy to offer your services?

WHITE:

Not happy, exactly, but a man does what he must for his country.

DOCTOR:

And the DPM? Does the Prime Minister want him replaced quickly too?

WHITE:

The fires aren't even out, and you ask me that?

DOCTOR:

Don't pretend to be offended, it doesn't suit you.

(BEAT)

WHITE:

There's no immediate necessity. The party's selected a senior member to keep the seat warm in the interim, but the due processes will be followed in time.

DOCTOR:

And this senior member would be the Chief Whip, Sir Robert Devere?

WHITE:

Ah... you know, I've the funniest feeling you're right. I think it might be Devere.

DOCTOR:

Interesting.

WHITE:

How so? Sir Robert seems an excellent choice. He's very capable.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure he is. But of what?

(BEAT)

WHITE:

Did you want something? Only some of us have actual work to do.

DOCTOR:

It struck me as strange, that's all.

WHITE:

Oh?

DOCTOR:

The targets. Unusual choices, wouldn't you say? A soon to be disgraced minister and a Deputy Leader of one month, hardly the most eye-catching or powerful prey.

WHITE:

Terrorism is not reasonable behaviour, John, we can hardly take its perpetrators to task for failing to match our own logic. Their choices will be irrational by definition. It's opportunism. Copycats inspired by recent tragic events. They picked the best targets they could.

DOCTOR:

Of course, the selection does make rather more sense if you view it as manoeuvring pieces into position. Placing particular people at key structural points within an organisation, the British Government, say.

WHITE:

I'd watch your tone if I were you.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Minister.

WHITE:

Who are you?

DOCTOR:

No-one of consequence.

WHITE:

I don't doubt that. Whoever you are, I am going to tell you this once and once only. You are out of your depth. You are dealing with something far outside the realms of your pitiful comprehension and I would advise you to steer well clear.

DOCTOR:

And I would advise you to leave these people alone.

(PAUSE)

WHITE:

So. You're a dead man.

DOCTOR:

You might very well think that. I couldn't possibly comment.

(HE BREEZES FROM THE ROOM. WHITE OPERATES A HI-TECH COMMUNICATOR)

WHITE:

Get me Regan.

26. WHITEHALL

GILMORE:

Regan, eh?

ALLISON:

(ON PHONE) Martin Regan, yes. That's what he said. No idea if that's his real name, or what his position with them is, but it's something to run with.

GILMORE:

I'd say so. Good work, Allison. We'll make a spy of you yet.

ALLISON:

(DISTORT) I do hope not.

GILMORE:

Go home, get some rest. I'll put the records boys on to this, see what we can't find.

ALLISON:

(DISTORT) Alright. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Goodnight.

GILMORE:

Goodnight.

(HE HANGS UP)

27. TOBY'S OFFICE

(TOBY ON THE PHONE)

TOBY:

... And to you Prime Minister. I assure you we're giving the matter our utmost attention.

(HANGS UP. GILMORE ENTERS)

GILMORE:

That was Allison. We've got a name.

TOBY:

About time. I've just had the PM on the line. He's spitting feathers.

GILMORE:

Understandably, I'd have thought.

TOBY:

He's got everyone on it. Scotland Yard, MI5, even the Coastguard and the Salvation Army as far as I can tell. He wants this sorted as soon as possible.

GILMORE:

We're doing our best, Sir Toby.

TOBY:

Then do better. You wanted something to prove your value, something I can actually tell people about, well, this is your opportunity. Get out there and solve it, then you'll have all the funding you require.

GILMORE:

Sir.

(TOBY MAKES TO LEAVE, PICKS UP DOCUMENTS, COAT)

TOBY:

Now, I'm not in tomorrow anymore, Gilmore. The PM has asked me to join him at the launch myself. If there is anything untoward happening with Starfire I would appreciate it if you could endeavour to have it cleared up long before any imminent risk to my own personal safety. That would be most kind.

GILMORE:

I'll keep trying. I'm meeting a contact tonight who should be able to provide me with some leads.

TOBY:

I'm glad to hear it. Do keep me informed. Goodnight, Gilmore.

GILMORE:

Goodnight, Sir.

(TOBY LEAVES. GILMORE CHECKS HIS POCKETS)

Now where was it again?

28. VALE MANSION, BEDROOM

(RACHEL BUSYING HERSELF. KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

RACHEL:
Come in!

(ACE ENTERS)

ACE:
Professor Jensen, I'm here for that help you wanted.

RACHEL:
Yes, thank you. Come in, close the door.

ACE:
Ma'am.

(ACE ENTERS. SHUTS THE DOOR. BEAT)

Alright, Professor! Hey – usually I say that to someone else.

RACHEL:
So it is you.

ACE:
Course it's me. Don't think they give these good looks out with cornflakes, do you?

RACHEL:
Ian said he'd seen the Doctor in London.

ACE:
You mean, Gilmore? Yeah, the Doctor said he was going see him. I got you!

RACHEL:
My own personal maidservant.

ACE:
Had to fix the butler's rotas, but he's sweet on me, that's no trouble. And Lady Vale ain't going to complain I got shifted – she doesn't like me very much. Mind you, I have been messing things up a bit. Deliberately, of course.

RACHEL:
What's going on? I thought this was just a fact-finding mission. But if you two are around, I'm starting to have my doubts. Is something wrong with Starfire?

ACE:
Ah. Now that is the question, isn't it?

29. ALLEYWAY

(GILMORE STUMBLING THROUGH DARK ALLEYWAY)

GILMORE:

Stupid place to meet... can't see a thing... what the-

(TRIPS OVER A CAT WHICH SCREECHES AND RUNS)

Blasted animal.

DOCTOR:

(DISCOVERED WAITING) I wouldn't be too cruel to cats. I was quite fond of them a lifetime or so back.

GILMORE:

Doctor. Or would you prefer Mister Rutherford?

DOCTOR:

Did you get it? Edward Rutherford. The father of nuclear physics. It seemed appropriate. Usually I'd have gone for John Smith, but an MP with that name seven years early? Might have confused the voters of Lanarkshire.

GILMORE:

Sorry?

DOCTOR:

You'll figure it out. In time.

GILMORE:

Thank you for the note. Written on your business card. Very clever.

DOCTOR:

I wasn't sure if I could trust Sir Tobias.

GILMORE:

You can't. Not remotely. But that's precisely why you can. He's reliably unreliable, if you get my drift.

DOCTOR:

Man after my own heart.

GILMORE:

Except you're not a man.

DOCTOR:

And I have two hearts. I think that proves my point.

GILMORE:

You've seriously spent six months here working as a politician?

DOCTOR:

Several more if you count the initial campaign. It was as good a cover as any. Fascinating stuff. I always thought I'd be an excellent politician. Turns out I was right. And without cameras in the house or the internet, it's easy to avoid the eyes of my earlier incarnations. There's at least five of us around in this time period and two of them are me.

GILMORE:

I barely understand a tenth of what you say.

DOCTOR:

Don't worry. I only follow a quarter myself.

(BEAT)

GILMORE:

Alright then, you've got me here. I think I deserve some answers. Why don't you tell me what's going on?

DOCTOR:

You know, Group-Captain... I've absolutely no idea.

30. VALE MANSION BEDROOM

RACHEL:

You don't know?

ACE:

Knowing's what the Doctor does. I just blow things up. It's much easier.

RACHEL:

I can see that. Though I'd prefer it if you didn't feel the urge to blow up a nuclear missile.

ACE:

No immediate plans, but I ain't making any promises.

RACHEL:

That's a comfort.

ACE:

The Doctor's certain something's wrong with Starfire. But he's not sure what. Needed someone on the scene to look into it.

RACHEL:

So he sent me here?

ACE:

No, me. Keep up. You're just a coincidence.

RACHEL:

I'm a mathematician, I don't believe in them. I've been set up. That 'Sir Toby' Ian told me about. He's a wily one by all accounts, it'll be his fault. Honestly, I've never felt so used. If I wasn't planning on quitting already, I'd resign.

ACE:

Well, you're here now, so let's make the best of you. We need to break into the secret wing.

RACHEL:

The one Vale wouldn't let me in?

ACE:

That's the monkey. I've checked everything else out and it's above board. Whatever they're working on, it's in there, but I can't get through.

RACHEL:

No key code?

ACE:

Been trying to crack that one for days, no go. I've hidden nearby when they go inside, but the numbers change every time.

RACHEL:

Sounds like they're using an algorithm.

ACE:

Sounds like you might know how to crack it.

RACHEL:

I might. Computer programmes are my speciality.

ACE:

Ace! Then after dinner we meet back here and see what we can do. I'll set up a distraction to throw off the guards.

RACHEL:

What sort of distraction?

ACE:

Take a wild guess.

31. ALLEYWAY

GILMORE:

Doctor, you'll forgive me if I'm a little disappointed. Last time we met you were the fount of all knowledge. But this time you're behind on the play?

DOCTOR:

Yes. And it is rather your own fault, I'm afraid.

GILMORE:

Mine?

DOCTOR:

Ace found your memoirs in a bookshop.

GILMORE:

But I haven't written any memoirs!

DOCTOR:

It was a bookshop in twenty-thirteen. They're not published for quite a while yet. We're time travellers as well, did I not mention that?

GILMORE:

You're- You know what, from now on, I'm just going to smile and nod.

DOCTOR:

Naturally she looked herself up in the index. Found a brief mention of our encounters in Shoreditch... and an intriguing reference to a second meeting, around the time of 'The Starfire Affair'.

GILMORE:

Saying what?

DOCTOR:

Pretty much just that. Mentioned me saving your life in the Underground, but in other aspects you were disappointingly circumspect.

GILMORE:

So you decided to follow it up?

DOCTOR:

It would have been rude not to. Especially as you said I was the one who prevented Ritchie from killing you.

GILMORE:

But since memoir-me is vague on the details, you don't know anything else that's going on. Well, there's an easy way to solve that. When I get around to writing them, I won't hold anything back. This time I'll give it the full works.

DOCTOR:

Oh, you can't do that. Not now I've told you.

GILMORE:

What?

DOCTOR:

It's a closed loop. I only came back because I read it, and I only read it because I came back. It's paradoxical enough without you moving the goalposts. No, when you write it, it has to stay as it is.

GILMORE:

In other words the reason I'm annoyingly vague is because you've just told me to be.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I suppose it is. It appears I only have myself to blame.

GILMORE:

On the bright side, at least it makes me bullet-proof. No-one can kill me til I've written them.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid it doesn't work like that. You might start acting with feckless abandon because you believe the foreknowledge makes you indestructible. Taking risks you otherwise would have avoided and those might be the risks that kill you. You'll only survive to write them if you believe you're mortal. Which is what you are. Confusing, isn't it?

GILMORE:

Very. Well, you must have found something out. If you've been here six months.

DOCTOR:

I have. Given my position I was able to access some of the files on Starfire. Highly advanced. They've convinced me of one thing.

GILMORE:

Which is?

DOCTOR:

That the technology is far outside your species' capabilities.

GILMORE:

Oh no.

DOCTOR:

Whatever we're dealing with here, it's from another world.

GILMORE:

Are you saying Gideon Vale's an alien? He looks completely human!

DOCTOR:

So do I.

GILMORE:

Yes, but... Point taken.

DOCTOR:

You've battled one end of the xenomorphic spectrum. Time to battle the other.

GILMORE:

I hope it doesn't come to that. We sent Rachel in there.

DOCTOR:

And I sent Ace.

GILMORE:

I know.

DOCTOR:

Get some rest. I'll keep digging. I think I've already identified more conspirators, who knows what else I might discover. Come by my office tomorrow. Eight o'clock. I'll let you know. (HE HEADS OFF)

GILMORE:

Don't you sleep?

DOCTOR:

(TURNING BACK) 'Sleep is where we go when we are bored of consciousness and I am not yet bored.' Know who said that?

GILMORE:

No.

DOCTOR:

I did, just now. You should pay more attention. Goodnight, Group Captain. (... AND HE'S GONE)

GILMORE:

Goodnight.

32. WAREHOUSE

(SMALL CROWD HUBBUB. DOZEN OR SO D.N. MEMBERS. A VAN PULLS UP. STOPS. WHITE HOPS OUT. REGAN IS WAITING)

WHITE:

Mister Regan. Gentlemen. Ladies.

REGAN:

You're late.

WHITE:

(DRY) There were cordons in Whitehall. No idea why. Security's quite tight this evening for some reason.

REGAN:

This the stuff?

WHITE:

As requested.

REGAN:

Good. (OUT) Alright, you lot. They're in the back of the van. One uniform each. Get a move on.

(CROWD TAKE UNIFORMS OUT OF THE VAN. REGAN AND WHITE STEP ASIDE)

WHITE:

I tried to reach you earlier. I was putting the word out. Had a rather disturbing visitor this afternoon.

REGAN:

Oh?

WHITE:

John Rutherford.

REGAN:

That independent?

WHITE:

I think there's more to him than meets the eye.

REGAN:

How so?

WHITE:

I'm not sure. But he made... insinuations. Suggestions. About me and Devere. I'm not sure how, but he knows. I'm certain he knows.

REGAN:

Interesting. I had a visitor this afternoon too.

WHITE:

Who?

REGAN:

Young girl, Allison Williams. Seemed very interested in D.N's rougher side. Background checks out but... dunno. Something don't smell good.

WHITE:

It's not only us. They were looking into the Russian.

REGAN:

Salinsky's out of the country. Nothing to worry about there.

WHITE:

Vale tells me they've even had a visitor at the mansion. A Professor. The humans suspect something.

REGAN:

That don't matter. Can't stop us with suspicion, can they?
(BEAT) You think two deaths are enough? You know. To sell it?

WHITE:

Third time's the charm?

REGAN:

We're an extremist organisation. Two assassinations seems practically conservative.

WHITE:

You had someone else in mind?

REGAN:

Just struck me we could get rid of both our problems in one go.

WHITE:

Wipe the slate clean, as it were?

REGAN:

Yeah.

WHITE:

(BEAT) Do it. I'll get onto Vale. Make sure this Professor's watched. (PAUSE) Look at them. Humans. So easily pleased. 'Remember, Remember, the Thirtieth of November.' Doesn't quite have the same ring to it, does it?

REGAN:

Don't worry. No-one's going to forget this. Ever.

33. [DELETED]

34. VALE LABORATORIES

(SUDDEN EXPLOSION OUTSIDE, IN DISTANCE)

ACE:

There we go. Nitro-9 O'clock. That should have got the guards' attention.

(ALARM BEGINS TO SOUND OUTSIDE; GUARDS RUNNING TOWARDS IT — AWAY FROM HERE. RACHEL TAPS COMMANDS INTO A CONTROL PANEL)

RACHEL:

Did it have to be such a big explosion?

ACE:

Subtlety's over-rated. Ever heard of an understated distraction?

RACHEL:

I'm only glad you didn't blow this door up.

ACE:

Don't think I didn't consider it. How's it going?

RACHEL:

Well, it's advanced, certainly, but then so am I. The coding's only as complex as it needs to be. I don't think they anticipated being burgled by someone with a PHD. The only problem's security.

ACE:

Oh?

RACHEL:

It's incredibly sophisticated. I might be able to get around it but it'll take time and even then it's not certain.

ACE:

Use this.

(HANDS HER A DEVICE)

RACHEL:

What is it?

ACE:

Beats me. One of the Doctor's gizmos. Said it might be useful. Apparently it sets up false trails within security networks, lies to them a bit, uses their defences against themselves. That'll distract the system.

RACHEL:

If you say so.

(PLUGS IT IN. BEEP OF COMPUTER ACTIVITY)

And it appears to work.

ACE:

What I tell you! Open sesame!

RACHEL:

I suppose so. Here we go.

(A CLUNK. THE LOCKS RELEASE. THE DOOR OPENS)

ACE:

Wicked!

(THEY STEP THROUGH INTO:)

35. SECRET WING — ROOM 1 [CONTINUOUS]

(FUTURISTIC EQUIPMENT OPERATING)

RACHEL:

Bit gloomy.

ACE:

Moody blue lighting. The traditional choice of the megalomaniac super-villain about town. Good job I brought torches.

(CHUCKS ONE TO RACHEL. THEY SWITCH THEM ON AND ADVANCE)

RACHEL:

Good lord. He's certainly ferreted away a lot of stuff in here.

ACE:

Recognise any of it?

RACHEL:

Not remotely.

ACE:

Thought as much. Alien tech.

RACHEL:

You're kidding me. Aliens? Again?

ACE:

Looks like it.

RACHEL:

I knew Starfire was quite the break-through, but extra-terrestrial in origin? I should have stayed at home.

ACE:

Ah, you get used to bug-eyed monsters eventually. Hazard of the job hanging out with the Doctor and me.

RACHEL:

Which I didn't ask to do.

ACE:

You love me really. Semi-psychic communications and control networks. Advanced processing. Yeah, even in my time these computers'd be well advanced. Anything in these papers?

(THEY SEARCH PAPERS ON A DESK)

RACHEL:

Maps, blueprints.

ACE:

These look like co-ordinates.

RACHEL:

What's the typeface, I can't read them.

ACE:

No idea, Uranus Bold? Ain't from Earth, that's for sure. The Doctor'll know.

(TAKES PHOTO)

RACHEL:

Is that a camera? It's tiny!

ACE:

The Doctor keeps me up to date. I'm right Mission: Impossible, me.

RACHEL:

Sorry?

ACE:

Hmm. Nothing else. One day we'll get the anally retentive bad guy who writes everything down in a big folder marked 'Secret Plans', but not today. (BEAT) And another sealed room.

RACHEL:

Give me a second.

(TAPS CONTROLS)

This one's rather more complicated.

(SHE FINISHES)

There.

(PRESSES A BUTTON. DOOR SWISHES OPEN INTO:)

36. SECRET WING — ROOM 2 [CONTINUOUS]

(A NEW ROOM. ECHOEY)

ACE:

Woah. That is quite the stockpile of military hardware.

RACHEL:

More than that. Quite the stockpile of Starfires.

ACE:

What? I thought that was just one missile?

RACHEL:

So did I. So did everyone else. Looks like Sir Gideon has been collecting them. Missiles and warheads.

ACE:

That doesn't sound good. He expecting a war?

RACHEL:

Or planning on starting one. This is far more than he needs for a test. A dummy test.

ACE:

Why's there a freezer down here?

RACHEL:

Sorry?

ACE:

Big freezer, look. I know this is the affluent society and all, but who keeps their frozen foods next to the nuclear warheads? Health and safety'd do their nut.

(SHE CROSSES OVER. RACHEL FOLLOWS, BUT STOPS HALF-WAY)

RACHEL:

(TROUBLED) Ace.

ACE:

Let's see what you got in here. (SHE OPENS THE DOOR) — Ah.

RACHEL:

Ace, I think you ought to see this.

ACE:

Likewise, Professor. Either this is the not-quite terminal Walt Disney or he's got a dead man in his fridge.

RACHEL:

And an enormous bomb in his basement.

ACE:

What?

RACHEL:

Over there. Alien tech again, yes, but I know a bomb when I see one.

ACE:

And I'm guessing that's not got any practical purpose during the launch.

RACHEL:

You're guessing correctly.

ACE:

Forty-something dead dude. Four tonne bomb. An arsenal of nuclear missiles. You getting the feeling he's a bad guy?

RACHEL:

I'm getting the feeling we should get out of here.

ACE:

Probably a good plan.

(SHE SHUTS THE FREEZER)

Let's lock this place up. Like we were never inside.

(THEY MOVE OUT, BACK TO:)

37. SECRET WING — ROOM 1 [CONTINUOUS]

(THEY EXIT. CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM, CHARGE ACROSS THE ROOM)

ACE:

We need to get out before we're spotted.

RACHEL:

The thought had occurred.

(THEY EXIT, BACK INTO:)

38. VALE LABORATORIES [CONTINUOUS]

ACE:

(WALKING IN) Yeah, if Vale finds us- (SEES VALE) ... ah.

GIDEON:

Too late.

(HE'S SURROUNDED BY GUARDS. THEY RACK GUNS)

Well, well, well. What have we here?

RACHEL:

I suppose you're not going to believe sleep-walking?

GIDEON:

Professor Jensen, you disappoint me. I wouldn't have had you down as a spy.

RACHEL:

That's precisely the sort of person who makes the best one.

GIDEON:

I suppose so. That's Cambridge for you.

ACE:

Alright, Lord Snooty, the Professor's not the one to blame here. She was only doing what I told her.

GIDEON:

Which was what exactly? Take advantage of your employer's naivety?

ACE:

Don't give me that. We've seen what you've got in there. What are you planning? What are you doing tomorrow?

GIDEON:

What I must. Take them away. Lock them up. They can't be allowed to interfere.

(GUARDS GRAB THEM. ACE AND RACHEL ARE DRAGGED AWAY, STRUGGLING)

RACHEL:

No! Let me go- I-

ACE:

You're not going to win, you know! We'll stop you! (... AND THEY'RE GONE)

GIDEON:

Pathetic.

39. ALLISON'S FLAT

(ALLISON SLEEPING. THE DOOR IS KICKED IN AND SHE WAKES WITH A START)

ALLISON:

What- what the-

(REGAN AND OTHERS ENTER)

REGAN:

Miss Williams!

ALLISON:

What- what are you doing here, this is my flat, get out!

REGAN:

Now, now, where's your hospitality? Thought you wanted to help us. Hold her down.

(ALLISON IS HELD DOWN. STRUGGLES)

ALLISON:

Get- get off me!

REGAN:

Know what my greatest disappointments is, Allison- can call you Allison, can't I?

ALLISON:

No.

REGAN:

Lovely. It's the way so many people talk the talk, but don't walk the walk, you get me? Say they want to change the world, but when push comes to shove, they ain't terribly willing. When you ask them to actually kill someone, they don't want to know. Where's their radical action then?

ALLISON:

You're a maniac.

REGAN:

Yeah, they say that too. So what I mean is... sometimes... they gotta be persuaded.

(OPERATES AN ALIEN DEVICE. STEADY THROBBING BUZZ)

ALLISON:

(STARTING TO SLUR) What- what is that?

REGAN:

You wouldn't have the faintest idea. Let's just say it makes sure our more reluctant colleagues co-operate.

ALLISON:

Wha- wha-

REGAN:

Our next targets are set. Couple more dead bodies for D.N's tally. Sells the lie. Tomorrow morning you walk into Whitehall. Shoot John Rutherford. Then Ian Gilmore. Then yourself.

ALLISON:

Rutherford... Gilmore... Myself...

REGAN:

And everyone's happy. Tomorrow's when the world changes, Allison. Tomorrow's the day when nothing stays the same. The sky will burn. Millions will die. And anyone that survives... will see The Light.

(CLOSING THEME)

PART THREE

(OPENING THEME)

(NO REPRISE)

40. EXT. WESTMINSTER

(BIG BEN TOLLS 8, CONTINUING UNDER NEXT SCENE. MORNING. BUSES, COMMUTERS. CROSS TO:)

41. RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE [CONTINUOUS]

(THE DOCTOR STIRRING TEA. KNOCK ON THE DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Enter!

(GILMORE ENTERS)

Ah, the redoubtable Group-Captain! I hope you return suitably refreshed, revitalised and reinvigorated.

GILMORE:

Not at all. Barely slept a wink.

DOCTOR:

Oh. What a pity.

GILMORE:

Kept turning it over in my mind. Doctor, I'm not going to lie, I can't make head nor tail of this business. So many different aspects.

DOCTOR:

If it's any consolation, I do think they're all relevant and connected.

GILMORE:

Arms manufacturing millionaires, anti-nuclear extremists and incompetent politicians? Connected? Even Russian spies?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't worry about Salinsky, he flew out of the country yesterday.

GILMORE:

What? You know about him?

DOCTOR:

I'm not tall, it's easy to keep my ear to the ground.

GILMORE:

He was smuggled out?

DOCTOR:

That's the odd thing. No. It was practically brazen. Simply boarded a commercial flight out of Heathrow, casual as you please. None of the regular checks and alerts were triggered. Almost as if he were helped. (SEARCHES DESK) I have the report here somewhere.

GILMORE:

Damn the report. That man was dangerous! We've no idea what information he might have stolen off Mulryne!

DOCTOR:

Group-Captain-

GILMORE:

If he gets to Moscow, who knows what manner of hell might get unleashed. We could be looking at World War Three!

DOCTOR:

Group-Captain! I said not to worry. And I meant it. Steps are underway, I'd never allow that to happen.

GILMORE:

You-?

DOCTOR:

Let it be.

(PAUSE)

GILMORE:

If you insist. Though I'm not happy about it.

DOCTOR:

I'm not happy about any of it, but if I'm right, it's a temporary state of affairs, it'll all be over by this evening.

GILMORE:

You've found something out?

DOCTOR:

I'm still not sure precisely what they're planning, but hopefully Rachel and Ace will be able to supply me with that information. No, I've been tracing the personal histories of our 'conspirators'.

GILMORE:

Vale?

DOCTOR:

Vale, White and Devere. It seems they've been connected to each other for quite some time.

GILMORE:

In what way?

DOCTOR:

They went to school together. Public school.

GILMORE:

Which one?

DOCTOR:

Hardean. It appears to be rather exclusive.

GILMORE:

Hardean? Now isn't that a coincidence.

DOCTOR:

Isn't it?

GILMORE:

They weren't the only ones there. This chap went as well.

(FLINGS FILE ON THE DESK. THE DOCTOR OPENS IT)

That photo is of Martin Regan, Allison's contact with D.N. He's an old boy too.

DOCTOR:

My. It is all rather coming together, isn't it?

42. EXT VALE MANSION

(CAR PULLING UP GRAVEL DRIVE. STOPS. WHITE STEPS OUT. ELEANOR APPROACHES)

WHITE:

Just wait here, driver.

ELEANOR:

Francis! How lovely to see you again!

(THEY EMBRACE)

WHITE:

Eleanor. A delight as always. It's been far too long. When did we last have the pleasure?

ELEANOR:

Harold's garden party, wasn't it?

WHITE:

I think it was. We must meet more frequently, I've been bereft, truly bereft.

(GIDEON APPROACHES)

GIDEON:

I see my chauffeur's arrived. Pity they couldn't have sent a good one.

WHITE:

Gideon.

(MANNISH EMBRACE, BACK SLAPS)

GIDEON:

Francis White, you old dog. Let you off your leash again, have they?

WHITE:

Someone has to, ah, root for truffles, as it were.

(SYCOPHANTIC LAUGHTER)

GIDEON:

Excellent.

ELEANOR:

Now, I believe you don't have to head to the launch for a few hours. Would you care to come inside, Sir Francis, take advantage of the facilities? Have you had breakfast? Cook does a wondrous kedgereee...

WHITE:

Actually, I was wondering if I couldn't have a word with your prisoners?

ELEANOR:

'Prisoners'? Gideon?

GIDEON:

I prefer the term 'restricted house guests'. It's nothing to worry about Eleanor, we had a little difficulty last night. The Professor and Dorothy proved a tad unreliable. Ban the bomb protestors, it would appear. We found them in the restricted wing.

ELEANOR:

That's monstrous. The restricted wing? The girl, yes, but Jensen? She was our guest. She drank my tea.

GIDEON:

Sadly it appears even the imbibing of tea is not a sure signifier of civilised behaviour. I had them locked upstairs. In the circumstances I deemed it prudent.

ELEANOR:

Naturally.

GIDEON:

Of course you may speak with them, Francis. Someone will show you the way. I'll organise the loading.

(THEY DEPART)

43. RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE

(THE DOCTOR READING FILES)

DOCTOR:

Odd. Vale, Devere and White were all in the same year, but Regan was a couple below.

GILMORE:

Probably did their chores. Is it significant?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure. Best to consider everything, I find. So those three are approximately the same age... I wonder... Let's see how far back their association extends...

(HE LEAFS FURTHER)

GILMORE:

Rum sort of chap, this Regan. Vanished nine months ago, apparently – this is the first time he's resurfaced. Worry was he was being trained as a mole. According to that report he's long been regarded as a potential Fifth Columnist for Mother Russia.

DOCTOR:

(DISTRACTED, READING) Yes, but that bit of the report's a forgery.

GILMORE:

What?

DOCTOR:

The whole page is a later addition. Look. They've made every effort to match it to the others, to fit it in, but the grain is slightly different, the paper a touch newer. All the t's are a fraction misaligned, whereas on the other sheets they're perfectly level.

GILMORE:

Good lord, you're right.

DOCTOR:

I invariably am. Someone attached this information after the report was compiled. They wanted you to think he had Communist sympathies, when that couldn't be further from the truth.

GILMORE:

Why on Earth would anyone want to fake Communist sympathies?

DOCTOR:

(RETURNS TO READING) In this day and age, I've no idea. But I've some very nasty suspicions. Hmm...

GILMORE:

Found something?

DOCTOR:

White and Devere were born in the same exclusive private hospital, founded in the eighteen-fifties. Only the richest of the rich need apply.

GILMORE:

What about Regan and Vale?

DOCTOR:

Much more conventional. Now I wonder why that might be? (BEAT) Group-Captain. Do you fancy a road trip?

44. RACHEL'S ROOM

(ACE HAMMERING THE DOOR)

ACE:

(YELLING) Come on then, Blofeld! Open up! Stroke your cat! What's the point of keeping us alive if you don't pop in for a gloat?

RACHEL:

Do you have to do that? I didn't sleep well.

ACE:

Least you got the bed. Never like kipping on sofas.

RACHEL:

Technically, it's a chaise longue.

ACE:

Whatever. I want them in as soon as poss. So I can smack them with the curtain rod.

RACHEL:

Let's wait, shall we? They're keeping us alive for a reason, they'll open up when they're good and ready.

ACE:

Yeah, ready to drop us in a tank of radio-controlled piranhas or something. I don't know about you, but I don't fancy being fish food this time of the morning.

RACHEL:

What are you talking about?

ACE:

James Bond films. Oh, you know. How many have you had now?

RACHEL:

Two, I think. Not exactly my thing.

ACE:

Oh. That explains it. Well, don't worry, you're going to love Goldfinger.

(THE LOCK TURNS)

Aye-aye.

RACHEL:

What did I say?

ACE:

Okay, be ready. —

(WHITE ENTERS. ACE YELLS AND TRIES TO SMACK HIM.)

WHITE:

I think not. —

(PUSHES ACE BACK — SHE GRUNTS — CURTAIN ROD GOES FLYING)

WHITE:

You really are an imbecilic creature. Did you seriously think I wouldn't anticipate an attack?

ACE:

Alright, yeah, you can't blame a girl for trying.

WHITE:

No, but I can blame you for being an idiot.

ACE:

Hey!

(HE CLOSES THE DOOR)

WHITE:

Let's not waste time. Who are you? You're working with Rutherford, is that right?

RACHEL:

Rutherford? Who's Rutherford?

ACE:

(LYING) Never heard of him.

WHITE:

Also a Group-Captain Gilmore and Miss Allison Williams?

RACHEL:

Allison? She involved in this mess too?

ACE:

(WARNING) Rachel!

WHITE:

Ah. Well, that at least confirms one connection.

RACHEL:

I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself.

WHITE:

Who are you?

ACE:

Oh, just your standard, common or garden Anti-Nuclear protestors.

(WHITE SLAPS HER)

ACE:

Ah!

RACHEL:

Ace!

WHITE:

Oh, I'm sorry. You appear to have mistaken me for a credulous fool.

RACHEL:

You didn't have to do that!

ACE:

Alright, face-ache. You're going to pay for that.

WHITE:

I'm trembling. You clearly display knowledge far ahead of this planet's capabilities.

RACHEL:

What can I say? I'm brilliant.

WHITE:

You're able to identify alien technology as being alien technology and not merely advanced beyond your pitiful comprehension. You operate anachronistic equipment of your own. Tell me, Professor – you're the mathematics expert, that isn't a difficult sum to add up, now is it?

(SILENCE)

You're not talking. Never mind. It's not a priority. There'll be plenty of time to persuade you later.

ACE:

You're not going to kill us?

WHITE:

No. Of course not. Call me naïve, but I think murder's a little frowned upon. Why rush into these things? People would miss you. They would ask questions. When you die it will be with an awful lot of pre-planning. And a scape-goat ready and waiting to take on the blame. We are very, very good at this, you understand.

ACE:

Leaving us alive's the biggest mistake you're going to make.

RACHEL:

Ace! – Let's not say anything hasty.

ACE:

Whatever you're up to, it's over. You might as well give up now because we're going to stop you.

WHITE:

You. Are. Gorgeous. Never change.

(HE OPENS THE DOOR)

Enjoy your day. It's the last pleasant one you'll have.

(HE EXITS, SHUTS THE DOOR)

ACE:

I'm going to get that toe-rag.

45. EXT. HOSPITAL

(CAR PULLS UP. GILMORE AND THE DOCTOR INSIDE)

GILMORE:

This is the place.

DOCTOR:

Rather heavily guarded for a maternity hospital, wouldn't you say?

GILMORE:

If it is the birthplace of choice for our country's elite, there's a lot of valuable children in there. Must be awfully tempting for a criminal element. It's called kidnapping for a reason.

DOCTOR:

But even so, dozens of armed guards? That's high level military or intelligence establishment, not nursery. Let's ask if visiting hours are in operation...

(THEY GET OUT AND APPROACH)

(OUT) Good morning, Mr Guard. My friend here is soon to become a father-

GILMORE:

Good grief.

DOCTOR:

-and he's heard wonderful things about your operation, we wondered if we could pop in and take a quick look at your facilities.

GUARD:

Only approved visitors may enter. You are not approved. Please vacate the premises.

DOCTOR:

Seems a little harsh. We'd be no trouble. We're more than willing to let one of you fine fellows follow us around.

GUARD:

Please vacate the premises.

DOCTOR:

We could make a substantial donation to the hospital's funds.

(THE GUARDS RACK THEIR GUNS — REGULAR RIFLES WITH A FAINT BUZZ OF ENERGY)

DOCTOR:

You know, Group Captain, I'm getting the distinct impression this gentleman wants us to depart.

GILMORE:

Thought had crossed my mind.

GUARD:

Please vacate the premises.

DOCTOR:

Oh, absolutely. Consider them vacated. Sorry to have troubled you.

(THEY RETURN TO THE CAR)

GILMORE:

(MUTTERED) Well that was dashed peculiar.

DOCTOR:

(MUTTERED) More than you think. Did you hear that faint buzz to their weaponry?

GILMORE:

Yes, now you mention it. What does that mean?

(THEY GET IN THE CAR)

DOCTOR:

That they're designed to look like rifles but they're actually hugely advanced pieces of military hardware.

GILMORE:

Alien?

DOCTOR:

You're catching up, Group-Captain. Back to my office. I want to see if there's word from Ace. I believe we're heading into the end-game.

46. EXT. VALE MANSION

(A LARGE TRUCK PULLING UP)

GIDEON:

Here we are. Starfire's carriage awaits.

ELEANOR:

Seems an awfully big truck for one missile.

GIDEON:

Oh, there's a lot of equipment we need to carry with it, safety systems, supports, computers, etcetera. Isn't that right, Francis?

WHITE:

It will be a little cramped in there, I'm afraid.

47. WESTMINSTER CORRIDOR/RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE

(THE DOCTOR AND GILMORE APPROACHING OFFICE)

DOCTOR:

Ace is under strict instructions to report in on a regular basis. I want to make sure she's alright.

GILMORE:

And I want to check in with Allison. She needs to see this file on Regan. Know who she's dealing with.

(THEY OPEN THE DOOR INTO OFFICE. BEAT, THEN:)

DOCTOR:

DOWN!

(GUNSHOT. DOORFRAME SPLINTERS)

GILMORE:

Good lord.

DOCTOR:

Yes, speak of the devil.

ALLISON:

(MILDLY TRANCE-LIKE, CONFUSED) I – I don't understand.

GILMORE:

Allison – put the gun down.

DOCTOR:

What don't you understand, Miss Williams?

ALLISON:

You're – the Doctor. I was told – to expect Rutherford.

(THEY SLOWLY APPROACH HER)

DOCTOR:

Rutherford? Oh, there's no-one of that name here.

ALLISON:

I have to kill John Rutherford. Then Ian Gilmore.

GILMORE:

Now steady on.

ALLISON:

Then myself. You're – not John Rutherford.

DOCTOR:

No, I'm not, so you can't shoot me, and if you have to do them in order, you can't shoot anyone else either.

GILMORE:

That's a blessed relief.

DOCTOR:

Not until John Rutherford is dead. And he isn't here.

ALLISON:

I - have to find him.

DOCTOR:

What's the hurry? Just when we were getting on so well.

ALLISON:

I must do this.

DOCTOR:

You really don't. Gilmore, NOW!

(THEY LEAP ON HER. STRUGGLE. GILMORE DISARMS HER)

ALLISON:

No!

GILMORE:

Doctor, I've got the gun!

DOCTOR:

And I've got her. Listen to me, Allison, look into my eyes, this is not you. This is not who you are. You are Allison Williams and you are not a killer.

ALLISON:

I -

DOCTOR:

You are a brilliant scientist with a spectacular future, the fastest Doctorate in Cambridge's history -

ALLISON:

I - I'm Allison Williams.

DOCTOR:

And I'm the Doctor, that is Group-Captain Gilmore, that is a desk and that is a kettle, this is the world as it really is, a world you can come back to, a world where your mind is free of whatever machinations have been acted upon it.

ALLISON:

I - Yes.

DOCTOR:

Come back to us Allison and SLEEP!

ALLISON:

I – Oh, God...

(SHE COLLAPSES)

DOCTOR:

And relax.

GILMORE:

What the blazes just happened there?

DOCTOR:

Attempted assassination. Put the tea on, would you, Group-Captain?

48. EXT. VALE MANSION

ELEANOR:

Gideon. Are you certain you don't want me to come with you?

GIDEON:

I told you. It'll be a very boring day. Lots of press and politicians having dreadfully dull conversations about dreadfully dull things. You know how dreary those people can be. No offence, Francis.

WHITE:

None taken.

GIDEON:

I'm going to have to spend most of the time with the Prime Minister. What a shower that man is. Wouldn't want to put you through that.

ELEANOR:

Well, if you insist.

GIDEON:

I do. Oh, and whilst we're gone... if you could avoid mentioning the prisoners to anyone that would be lovely. We can deal with them later.

(CROSS TO:)

49. RACHEL'S ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

(THE CONVERSATION OUTSIDE CONTINUES FROM A DISTANCE)

GIDEON:

(DISTANT) Is it fully packed?

WHITE:

(DISTANT) So I'm told. Your men have been working all morning!

GIDEON:

(DISTANT) Then we should be heading off. To Kent – and history!
Goodbye, my dear.

(KISSES ELEANOR'S CHEEK)

ELEANOR:

(DISTANT) Goodbye.

GIDEON:

(DISTANT) Keep an eye on the news this evening. It should prove interesting.

(OUTSIDE, THEY GET INTO CARS, DRIVE OFF. OVER THIS:)

ACE:

Well, there they go. The caravan of courage. Whatever they're up to, they're off to do it now.

RACHEL:

And there's no possible way we can stop them.

50. RUTHERFORD'S OFFICE

(FADE UP. ALLISON SIPPING TEA)

ALLISON:

I don't know what happened. Last thing I remember was going to bed. Something happened in the middle of the night, but it's a blur. Next thing I know I'm asleep on the floor of your office.

GILMORE:

Hypnosis?

DOCTOR:

Not by the common definition. This is full-on brain manipulation.

ALLISON:

Doctor, what are you doing here?

DOCTOR:

Oh, it's a long story. Group-Captain Gilmore can fill you in later.

GILMORE:

Not sure I can, actually. I'm as lost as a lemming in a labyrinth.

DOCTOR:

Technically it's impossible to get lost in a labyrinth, it's one long path, I think you mean a maze.

GILMORE:

Is this entirely relevant?

DOCTOR:

Probably not.

ALLISON:

You're saying I wanted to kill both of you?

DOCTOR:

Yes, but don't worry, you didn't succeed. As should be demonstrably evident.

GILMORE:

Is that how D.N. have orchestrated the assassinations? Brain manipulation?

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily. You saw Ritchie in the underground. He wasn't displaying any of the disassociation we saw with Allison. No, I think the sad truth is there are more than enough extremists in this world for them to achieve their aims without resorting to such tactics.

ALLISON:

But it's definitely D.N.?

GILMORE:

It looks increasingly likely. This Regan chap's certainly involved. Take a look at this file.

(THROWS IT DOWN, ALLISON GLANCES THROUGH)

There's some sort of grand conspiracy going back to their school days –

ALLISON:

Sorry, who is this?

GILMORE:

Regan, that's Martin Regan, your contact.

ALLISON:

No it's not, I've never seen this man before in my life.

DOCTOR:

(THOUGHTFUL) Ah. Interesting.

GILMORE:

What? But that's definitely the chap. It all checks out.

ALLISON:

It might very well do, but this isn't the man I met yesterday. They look totally different. The man I saw was more jowly, a bit heavier set, far less hair.

DOCTOR:

Of course.

GILMORE:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

I think I do.

(HE CROSSES THE ROOM. PICKS UP A FILE. RETURNS)

What about this gentleman, Miss Williams?

(SHE LOOKS AT A PHOTO)

ALLISON:

Yes, that's him. That's Martin Regan.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid not.

ALLISON:

Sorry?

DOCTOR:

I think you've been taken for a ride. That isn't our anti-nuclear protestor. That is Sir Robert Devere. The former chief Whip, now Deputy Prime Minister.

51. WAREHOUSE

(ENGINES REVVING. REGAN HANGS UP A PHONE)

REGAN:

Alright people, the missile's on its way to the launch. Time to move out.

(GRUNTS OF AGREEMENT)

You know what to do. Make me proud. Make this world a better place.

(CHEERS OF ASSENT. THE TRUCKS START TO RUMBLE OUT)

And whilst you're doing that (HIS VOICE SEGUES INTO DEVERE) I should probably get ready for office. Breakfast with the Queen perhaps?

(HE WALKS OFF)

52. WESTMINSTER CORRIDOR

(THE DOCTOR, GILMORE AND ALLISON RACING DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR:

Regan is a patsy for whatever's being planned. Probably picked on him because he didn't polish their shoes properly at school or something. You said he vanished earlier this year?

GILMORE:

About nine months ago.

DOCTOR:

Murdered, most likely. And since then they've been setting him and his organisation up to take the fall for whatever they've got planned.

GILMORE:

Which is?

DOCTOR:

If only I knew.

ALLISON:

So Devere took his place?

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

ALLISON:

But surely someone would have noticed. He was a high ranking member of the British Government. It'd be like Harold Wilson going undercover as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

DOCTOR:

Not with the Chief Whip. Tradition dictates he's secretive. He doesn't give interviews, appear on radio or television, take part in Commons debates. No-one knows what he looks like, they're the one person who could get away with it.

GILMORE:

And now he's DPM?

DOCTOR:

One of the killings manoeuvred him into that position, yes. I think it's safe to assume the Prime Minister is one of their next targets.

GILMORE:

Doctor, the Prime Minister's attending the Starfire launch. Sir Toby told me as much.

DOCTOR:

Then there's every chance it'll happen there.

ALLISON:

So that's where we going?

DOCTOR:

It's where you're going. We're heading for Vale's mansion.

GILMORE:

We are?

ALLISON:

But why? Why not come with me to the launch?

DOCTOR:

Because Vale and White are both there. They won't be risking their own lives by making the missile blow up on the launch pad or anything like that. Whatever their scheme is, it's far subtler in nature. Get to the Prime Minister and get him out of harm's way, we'll join you as soon as we can.

GILMORE:

Because we'll be doing what exactly?

DOCTOR:

Rescuing Ace and Rachel. I told you she was supposed to be making regular contact? She hasn't. I rather suspect she's got herself into hot water. She usually does...

(THEY WALK OFF)

53. VALE'S CAR

(INSIDE THE CAR. GENERAL HUBBUB OF PROTESTORS OUTSIDE AS THEY PASS THROUGH)

PROTESTORS:

(OUTSIDE) Ban the bomb! No to nukes! (REPEAT)

GIDEON:

Idiots.

WHITE:

Don't worry, Gideon, security's more than adequate, they won't get inside.

(THE PROTESTORS HAVE FADED)

GIDEON:

If only they knew what we're doing for them.

WHITE:

I'm sure they'd find something to protest about regardless.

(PULLING UP)

GIDEON:

Straight into another scrum. If it wasn't for the press passes I'd struggle to tell the difference.

WHITE:

Quite the crowd.

GIDEON:

Did you doubt it? Can you supervise the preparations?

WHITE:

With pleasure.

GIDEON:

I'll deal with this lot. It's showtime!

(HE STEPS OUT OF THE CAR)

54. JEEP

(TRAVELLING AT SPEED, PART OF A CONVOY)

GILMORE:

Right, Vale's mansion should be up this roadway here.

(THE JEEP TURNS)

DOCTOR:

Was it really necessary to muster your men, Group-Captain? You know how I abhor violence.

GILMORE:

Private army, Doctor, remember? If Vale's as dangerous as you say, they're not going to let us waltz in unguarded.

DOCTOR:

But if they've been subject to the same brain alteration as Miss Williams, they might not be aware of what they're doing! You might be opening fire on innocents!

GILMORE:

Way ahead of you, Doctor. Stun grenades and tear gas canisters, bullets are a last resort.

DOCTOR:

I'm not happy about it.

GILMORE:

And I'm not happy they're holding our friends hostage. If we need to fight our way in, that's what we're going to do, brainwashed army or no brainwashed army.

DOCTOR:

Except —

GILMORE:

Except?

DOCTOR:

Except you may not need to.

(JEEP DRAWS TO A HALT ON DRIVEWAY)

GILMORE:

Good lord. What's happened to their security? Place is wide open!

DOCTOR:

No private army, no locked gates...

GILMORE:

What the devil's going on?

55. EXT. VALE MANSION

(ELEANOR OUTSIDE WITH SOLDIERS AS THE CONVOY PULLS UP)

ELEANOR:

Alright, gentlemen, stand easy. Let's see what they do.

(THE DOCTOR AND GILMORE GET OUT)

Good afternoon!

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) You must be Eleanor Vale.

ELEANOR:

Yes, I am. And you are?

DOCTOR:

I'm known as the Doctor. This is Group-Captain Gilmore. These are the men of the intrusion Counter-Measures group and I presume this is a portion of your own security team?

ELEANOR:

A mere fraction. I'm sorry, if you wanted to see Gideon, you're too late. He headed off to the launch an hour or so back. You must have read about it in the papers.

DOCTOR:

Actually we were rather more interested in seeing some friends of ours. Professor Rachel Jensen and a girl I should, in the circumstances, refer to as Dorothy, although I wouldn't do that in earshot.

ELEANOR:

Then I'm sorry to disappoint you. The Professor departed this morning. The young lady was removed from my employ at approximately the same time - she'd been stealing the cutlery, you see. Perhaps Ms Jensen gave her a lift to the station. I do hope they haven't had an accident.

DOCTOR:

Unfortunately, they were both under strict instructions to make contact before doing anything of the sort, and we didn't hear from either of them.

ELEANOR:

That's hardly my fault.

DOCTOR:

I believe they're still here.

ELEANOR:

I assure you they're not.

DOCTOR:

I think you're lying. I believe you are holding two women prisoner in that house.

ELEANOR:

But you can't prove it. And without my permission or a warrant, you can't enter without committing an act of trespass. My men would be perfectly entitled to use reasonable force. I've warned you. Please. You've no reason to doubt me.

GILMORE:

He might not, but I have.

(BEAT)

ELEANOR:

Oh?

GILMORE:

Doctor, this young lady and I have met before.

ELEANOR:

I don't think so. I've not had the pleasure.

GILMORE:

It wasn't a pleasure.

ELEANOR:

I'm sure I'd remember meeting someone as handsome as you.

GILMORE:

You'll find I'm immune to flattery, don't try it. It's amazing what you can do with make-up. If I wasn't already aware you lot were dabbling in multiple identities, I doubt I'd have noticed this classy society lady was the same woman as that gaudy young thing I interviewed yesterday.

ELEANOR:

I don't know what you're talking about.

GILMORE:

Then allow me to refresh your memory. You were going by the name of Amanda Caulfield, former paramour of both our late Defence Minister and a Russian spy. – Doctor, she's one of them. We've got her fingerprints on file, that should be proof enough of a dual identity. I reckon that serves as adequate cause to take her into custody and search this house; what do you think, 'Eleanor'?

(BEAT)

ELEANOR:

Kill them.

GILMORE:

Take cover!

(THE GUARDS OPEN FIRE AS ELEANOR RUNS FOR THE HOUSE)

56. EXT. LAUNCH SITE

(THE CHANTS ARE DISTANT, BUT CAN BE HEARD)

TOBY:

Yes, Prime Minister, I am aware they're noisy, but it's perfectly alright, they won't get inside. I'm sure the security arrangements are more than satisfactory, they're not going to let any old riff-raff through. This way –

(HE LEADS THE PM OFF. CROSS TO:)

57. OUTSIDE LAUNCH SITE [CONTINUOUS]

(THE PROTESTORS CONTINUE CHANTING. ALLISON BEING BUSTLED)

ALLISON:

Please, I need to get through! Don't let the duffel coat fool you, I'm a government employee, I'm here on business. I'm with Counter-Measures, here's my pass.

(SHOWS HER PASS. BEAT)

GUARD:

Alright.

(GATE IS OPENED)

ALLISON:

Thank you. You don't know how important-

(BEAT)

GUARD:

Problem?

ALLISON:

No. No, just remembered something that's all. (BEAT) Have you any idea where I'll find Sir Toby Kinsella?

58. SECRET WING — ROOM 1

(GUNFIRE, DISTANT. ELEANOR OPERATING FUTURISTIC CONTROLS)

ELEANOR:

Devere? Devere? Come in, Devere, this is Vale, we are under attack, repeat, we are under attack!

59. EXT. VALE MANSION

(THE GUARDS ARE FIRING. GILMORE, THE DOCTOR AND MEN ARE HIDING BEHIND THEIR CARS)

DOCTOR:

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why did I have to succumb to the sexism of the sixties?

GILMORE:

Can we save the self-recrimination for later, Doctor? Such as when we've not got people shooting at us?

DOCTOR:

That's why Vale wasn't born at the same hospital as the others. *He's* not one of them, his wife is!

GILMORE:

Fascinating, I'm sure. Launch the gas grenade!

(GRENADE IS LAUNCHED)

60. RACHEL'S ROOM

(DOOR BURSTS OPEN. ELEANOR ENTERS. GUNFIRE DISTANT)

ELEANOR:

Alright, you two, you're coming with me. I need hosta- where's the other one?

ACE:

(FLYING THROUGH THE AIR) Aaargh!

(SHE SMASHES ELEANOR TO THE GROUND)

ELEANOR:

Ugh!

RACHEL:

(TO ACE) Did you have to knock her out?

ACE:

What did I tell her, second time's the charm. I think that counts as a letter of resignation. We're free!

RACHEL:

Even if there is still a pitched gun battle going on outside.

ACE:

Ah, don't be so negative. Every problem's an opportunity, remember! Tie this one up. I'm going to see if I can lend a hand.

(SHE RUNS OUT)

61. EXT. VALE MANSION

(PITCHED BATTLE)

GILMORE:

The gas isn't affecting them!

DOCTOR:

The mental manipulation is too strong. They can't fall down for standing up.

GILMORE:

Then I'd guess we're in a lot of trouble!

62. EXT. LAUNCH SITE

(GIDEON MAKING A SPEECH TO ASSORTED JOURNALISTS)

GIDEON:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Press. Today is a very special day for this fine country of ours. Once we ruled the world. We led the forces of freedom to victory twice in the last fifty years. But for too long a time now has our position been undermined. For too long have we been regarded as an inferior nation in comparison with the revolutionary heathens to our east and our erstwhile colonies to our west. No more. Today we regain our status. Today we regain our rightful place as the third world superpower. And Starfire is the means of that renaissance.

(POLITE APPLAUSE. CROSS TO:)

62. INT. CABIN [CONTINUOUS]

(A DOOR SHUTS AND CUTS OUT SPEECH/APPLAUSE)

ALLISON:

It took me a while to recognise him, you see. But when he let me through the gate, there were others. Other faces I knew. And it sort of broke through. The memory. Regan – the man I thought was Regan – raiding my room last night. His men holding me down. It was them. All the security guards are members of Disarmament Now. I don't know how but everyone looking after this launch is an anti-nuclear extremist! Sorry, I'm babbling. I couldn't find Sir Toby and Vale's one of them, I couldn't speak to him. Somebody thought you might be able to help. This must make no sense at all.

WHITE:

No. No, it's perfectly clear. Gosh. Extremists, eh? (SHIVERS)
Brrr. Frightening.

63. EXT. VALE MANSION

(PITCHED BATTLE)

GILMORE:

Well, Doctor? We're pinned down and they're unstoppable, any plan would be gratefully accepted..

DOCTOR:

Same plan as always. I like to have an Ace up my sleeve –

(AWFUL, STRIDENT TONE BURSTS OUT. THE GUNFIRE STOPS. EVERYONE WAILS IN PAIN)

And right on cue...

GILMORE:

(STRAINED) What the blazes?

(VALE'S GUARDS COLLAPSE, GUNS DROP. THE TONE CEASES)

DOCTOR:

Excellent.

GILMORE:

What the devil was that?

DOCTOR:

I told you. The mental control was keeping them on their feet when they should have succumbed to the knock-out gas. Cut off the mental control –

GILMORE:

And it immediately affects them. Of course! But what stopped the control signal?

DOCTOR:

Isn't it obvious?

ACE:

(CALLING FROM THE DOOR) Wotcha, Chunky!

DOCTOR:

Ace! Not too close. The gas is likely to linger.

ACE:

If you say so, Professor!

DOCTOR:

You figured it out then.

ACE:

I can recognise a mind-controlled zombie when I see one. They're dead behind the eyes, like presenters on a shopping channel. Saw the control unit in the basement last night. Just a matter of hitting the right buttons. Hey, you gotta see what else they have down there.

DOCTOR:

I think that would be wise. Come on.

(ALL RUSH OFF INTO HOUSE. CROSSFADE TO:)

64. SECRET WING — ROOM 1

(FADE UP. ALL WALKING QUICKLY IN TO ECHOING ROOM, AND STOP)

RACHEL:

Well. They've cleared it out.

ACE:

You should have seen it Professor. It was rammed with missiles, looked like Sainsbury's would if it had an armaments section.

RACHEL:

And there was a big bomb. Don't forget the very big bomb.

GILMORE:

But all this weaponry has now gone. All they've left is paperwork.

DOCTOR:

(INTRIGUED) Paperwork...?

(DOCTOR RIFLING THROUGH PAPERS THROUGH:)

RACHEL:

Seemingly so.

ACE:

A big truck headed off with the poshos this morning.

GILMORE:

Every conversation makes this all more troubling...

DOCTOR:

Not as troubling as this.

(WAVES A SHEET)

ACE:

Oh, yeah, the co-ordinates. We found those last night. Couldn't read them.

DOCTOR:

Of course not. They're written in one of the ancient languages of the cosmos. Fortunately I am something of a scholar.

ACE:

You know what they say?

DOCTOR:

Yes. This one is Washington D.C. This is New York. That is Los Angeles and this one here is San Francisco.

ACE:

Blimey.

DOCTOR:

There are dozens. I presume I don't need to go through the entire list.

GILMORE:

Every major city in America.

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

RACHEL:

What does it mean?

DOCTOR:

At a guess – this launch isn't a test, and it isn't merely one rocket. Multiple missiles with multiple targets and active warheads. Fired directly into the heart of the United States.

RACHEL:

Oh my – [God.]

GILMORE:

All the warning systems are focused on Russia. They won't be looking at us. They'll be annihilated!

RACHEL:

The death toll will be incalculable!

DOCTOR:

Quite. What these people intend is one of the greatest crimes in the history of humanity, mass murder on an unbelievable scale. The genocide of an entire country. Then after that – who knows?

ACE:

And we're the only ones that can stop them.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. And that's their biggest mistake. Whoever they are, they've tumbled with the wrong planet. Ladies. Gentleman. Let's go save the world.

(CLOSING THEME)

PART FOUR

(OPENING THEME)

(NO REPRISE)

65. INT. JEEP

(ELEANOR'S PERSPECTIVE, SLOWLY COMING ROUND. JEEP HURTLING DOWN A ROAD)

RACHEL:

... And we've no means of contacting Allison at all?

GILMORE:

Nor Toby. Blast!

DOCTOR:

I might have sent her into trouble.

GILMORE:

Well, my men are ready to fight. We've enough firepower in this convoy to stop anyone.

DOCTOR:

Depends who we have to stop. If Vale isn't involved, they've only one of them on site. Who knows what they intend to do.

ACE:

This one does, but she's too busy napping to talk – hey, hey! Tell a lie, she's awake!

DOCTOR:

Ah. Mrs. Vale. You've rejoined the land of the living.

ELEANOR:

Lady Vale. The correct form of address is Lady Vale.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I don't consider you a lady. I'm not sure what I consider you.

ELEANOR:

Whereas I consider you a worm to be crushed beneath my heel.

RACHEL:

Charming.

ELEANOR:

I'm not trying to antagonise you, it's a statement of fact. You people are nothing to me. Less than nothing. Why pretend otherwise?

GILMORE:

Because we're armed and you're tied up?

ELEANOR:

Please. You think that troubles me? If I were you, I'd give up now. You've already lost.

ACE:

Professor, why did we have bring this cow, she won't talk!

ELEANOR:

On the contrary, I intend to. One only conceals one's intentions if one fears stating them would threaten their success. You think your knowledge could possibly impact our plans? Of course not. Why shouldn't I talk? Perhaps you'll gain a little perspective and realise the futility of your actions.

DOCTOR:

I doubt it, but don't let that trouble you.

ELEANOR:

Have you ever heard of... The Light?

DOCTOR:

(BEAT. HORROR) No.

ELEANOR:

I see you have.

ACE:

What's she talking about?

GILMORE:

The Light?

DOCTOR:

But you don't exist. You're a myth, the deluded ramblings of paranoid conspiracy theorists.

ELEANOR:

That's what we want you to think.

DOCTOR:

You can't possibly be real!

ACE:

What's she on about?

ELEANOR:

Tell her. Tell her what she's up against.

ACE:

Professor. What are The Light?

DOCTOR:

The Light? Only the secret rulers of the universe.

66. INT. BOMB CHAMBER

(WHITE STRUGGLING TO PULL A ROPE TAUT. HE MANAGES)

WHITE:

Now, you will tell me if that hurts. I would so hate to injure a lady.

ALLISON:

You're tying me to a bomb. Tight knots are the least of my worries.

WHITE:

No need to be rude. Just because I'm dabbling in genocide doesn't mean I should forget the social niceties.

ALLISON:

The one thing I never wanted to be was a damsel in distress. You might as well be twirling your moustache and binding me to a railway track.

WHITE:

No, that would be completely impractical. We'd got this chamber prepared. Might as well use it.

ALLISON:

We're directly under the viewing platform, aren't we?

WHITE:

Well spotted. A specially designed, sound-proof box, just the right size for a clutch of missiles and a large explosive device. Everyone wanted to know why we didn't use Spadeadam - well, Spadeadam doesn't have one of these.

ALLISON:

You're going to blow up the visitors? Wipe out the government?

WHITE:

Only the ones we don't like. The rest are perfectly positioned to take control of the crisis. We've been preparing it for months. Didn't you think the Prime Minister's election was a trifle suspicious? That was us. A fool to take the fall.

ALLISON:

So kill him, and Devere takes over in the top job?

WHITE:

We've been working from the shadows for too long. This planet's all got a bit out of control. Somebody needs to step in and push it back in the right direction. Our direction.

ALLISON:

But there are hundreds of people up there! You're going to kill them all!

WHITE:

Can't make an omelette without breaking eggs. And this is a very, very big omelette.

67. JEEP

(STILL HURTLING ALONG)

DOCTOR:

The Light. I never believed you were real.

ELEANOR:

But we are. Extremely so.

ACE:

She's saying they're, what – the Illuminati?

DOCTOR:

Don't be ridiculous. If the rumours I've heard about the Light are true, they're far more insidious in nature.

ELEANOR:

We prefer to be the backroom boys. We allow the crackpots their theories. It muddies the waters. Makes it harder to see what's really going on.

GILMORE:

How did they get here?

DOCTOR:

I imagine it was quite a long time ago. After all, the nursery was founded in the eighteen-fifties...

ELEANOR:

Our initial base of operations. Where we are born.

DOCTOR:

Inside regular human children?

ELEANOR:

Yes.

RACHEL:

That's revolting.

ELEANOR:

There's no cruelty. Simply a few additives to the pre-natal drugs, changing the genetic make-up. The child merely grows up.. 'other', they're never truly human at all.

ACE:

They're cuckoos?

DOCTOR:

I suspect that's the closest analogy.

ELEANOR:

We transcend simple barriers of race and species. The Light exists in a thousand forms on a thousand planets. Part of a greater whole traversing all time and space.

DOCTOR:

I'd be impressed if it wasn't so horrifying.

RACHEL:

Then they, what? Inveigle themselves into positions of power?

DOCTOR:

Nothing so mundane. They're already there.

GILMORE:

How so?

ACE:

Private hospital!

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

ACE:

Make it exclusive and expensive and the nobs are going to knock down the door.

DOCTOR:

Only the great and the good need apply. Hence, they do.

ACE:

Voluntary invasion!

ELEANOR:

I doubt they'd rush if they knew what we truly offering.

ACE:

There must be hundreds of them!

DOCTOR:

Hidden away in key political and military positions.

GILMORE:

But if they've that level of control, what's the point of this blasted plan? Why take out America? Surely they're in command there too?

DOCTOR:

Yes, I was wondering that myself.

ELEANOR:

Oh, come on Doctor, you can work it out.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Eighteen-fifty. Of course, Eighteen-Fifty!

GILMORE:

Well, don't keep us in suspense.

DOCTOR:

You're not as all knowing and all powerful as you want us to believe, are you?

ELEANOR:

When one's work is surreptitious, there's always the option for things to go awry. Primitive species are so hard to predict.

ACE:

Professor! What's she talking about?

DOCTOR:

They don't command America. Don't you see? Eighteen-fifty! The height of Empire! If you were a stealth invader looking to take over the world back then, where would you make your base?

ACE:

(BEAT. SHE'S GOT IT) England.

DOCTOR:

Exactly! But a hundred years later that choice doesn't seem entirely wise, does it? They backed the wrong horse. Vale might not be part of them, but his rhetoric is. That's what they want. That's what this insane scheme is intended to achieve. The return of the British Empire.

68. BOMB CHAMBER

(WHITE OPERATING CONTROLS)

ALLISON:

What are you doing?

WHITE:

Inputting the co-ordinates. They've a certain influence over Starfire at mission control, but this is where the real power lies.

ALLISON:

I presume I at least live long enough to see the launch.

WHITE:

On a brand spanking new black and white TV. (TAPS THE TOP) But really, it'll only be a minute or so. The moment everyone realises what's going on it's time to pull the trigger and – boom. Disarmament Now's finest hour. If they did but know it. They've proved very useful, almost a shame to see them go.

ALLISON:

But someone has to take the rap.

WHITE:

Genocide of an innocent nation can be quite hard to sell to the general public. Best to provide them with a ready made scape-goat.

ALLISON:

Regan.

WHITE:

Such an unctuous little swot. I remember him at school, the fawning bootlicker. We locked him up for months, then murdered him and dumped him in a freezer.

ALLISON:

To be identified at the scene.

WHITE:

With Sir Robert in his place, the assassinations built D.N. up as a credible threat, whilst rather conveniently disposing of anyone in our way.

ALLISON:

A DPM you didn't want in power.

WHITE:

And a defence minister keen on scrapping the project in the face of public opposition. That was foolish. But then he'd already established himself as a bit of an idiot so, really... it was for the good of the country.

(FINAL TAPS WITH A FLOURISH)

There we are. Ready. Just need to check it's A.O.K up top, then I'll pop back to join you. Front row seats. Don't go anywhere.

(HE DEPARTS)

ALLISON:

I can hardly wait.

69. JEEP

(STILL HURTLING)

RACHEL:

But how do they restore the Empire if they're only taking on America? That creates a power vacuum. The Russians will be more than willing to fill it.

DOCTOR:

I think they've already got that covered.

(BEAT)

GILMORE:

Salinsky.

DOCTOR:

Exactly.

ACE:

Who?

GILMORE:

A Russian spy smuggled out of the country yesterday. He might have stolen top-secret defence information Mulryne lost.

ELEANOR:

Don't be stupid. Mulryne didn't lose anything, Salinsky didn't steal it. I created documents and gave them to the Russian personally. Why do you think I even bothered consorting with those lowlifes?

ACE:

What was in them?

ELEANOR:

He believes it's the co-ordinates of every concealed nuclear base in this country.

RACHEL:

But in reality?

ELEANOR:

A very sophisticated code. When Disarmament Now commits their atrocity, there'll be anger. Recriminations demanded. Fortunately an obvious target will present itself.

ACE:

Russia?

GILMORE:

Regan's faked Communist sympathies! They'll think he did it for the Reds!

RACHEL:

I'm struggling to keep up, this is insanely complicated.

ACE:

Almost mad enough to be one of your plans, Professor.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure if that's a compliment or not.

ELEANOR:

Prime Minister Devere's first act will authorising a first strike upon Moscow, Leningrad, anywhere else we deem fit.

ACE:

They'll retaliate!

DOCTOR:

Which is when the code comes into play.

ELEANOR:

Their missiles will detonate on the launch pad. Combined with our attack, I imagine the effects will be quite devastating.

DOCTOR:

Yet thanks to Starfire's unique properties, even amidst the destruction of two superpowers the United Kingdom will survive unscathed.

RACHEL:

This is horrible.

ACE:

You're talking about killing millions!

DOCTOR:

And with plausible deniability at every point.

ELEANOR:

Plausible deniability is our raison d'etre. You can hardly be a secret society if you show your hand at every opportunity.

GILMORE:

Hence killing everyone at the Launch, including your D.N. patsies. Be dashed awkward explaining why the new Prime Minister was identical to the man who ordered the bombing.

ACE:

That's a point! You're trying to kill everyone at the Launch.

ELEANOR:

Actually, it'll take out everything for several miles, so it'll be more, but let's not split hairs.

ACE:

White's there. He's one of them, surely?

DOCTOR:

Very much so.

ACE:

How's that work? He gets killed too.

DOCTOR:

Eleanor? Would you care to... enlighten us?

ELEANOR:

White's the trigger man. We need someone on scene ensuring it goes without a hitch. We are The Light. We are greater than any mere individual. Any of us would willingly give his life in furtherance of our rule. And as if to prove my point...

(THE JEEP SLOWS)

GILMORE:

Doctor, look!

DOCTOR:

Ah.

GILMORE:

Roadblock ahead! It's the army!

DOCTOR:

I was beginning to think this felt too easy...

RACHEL:

What do they want?

(DISTANT GUNFIRE)

No!

(THEY SKID TO A HALT. CROSS TO:)

70. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD [CONTINUOUS]

(COLD. WINDY. GUNFIRE)

DEVERE:

That's right, men. Keep firing. Can't let them disrupt the launch. Make the traitors pay...

(MORE GUNFIRE. CROSS BACK TO:)

71. INT. JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

(SPEEDY SCRAMBLE TO VACATE THE VEHICLE)

GILMORE:

Out. Get out. That side!

RACHEL:

I wasn't planning on stepping into a hail of bullets!

ACE:

Take this one, we don't want to lose her!

ELEANOR:

Alright, I can manage...

DOCTOR:

Keep down!

(THEY JUMP OUT. CROSS TO:)

72. EXT. JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

(BULLETS THUDDING AROUND)

DOCTOR:

Take cover!

GILMORE:

(SHOUTING) Careful, those are our own men! Aim at the ground, make them keep their distance, do not target them!

(GILMORE AND HIS MEN FIRE BACK)

DOCTOR:

Devere.

GILMORE:

How the devil did he find us?

ELEANOR:

I think that might have been me. I sort of managed to send Robert a message before you captured me. Did I not mention that? Told him what you were likely to do. You did chose the most obvious route.

ACE:

No wonder she was so smug, she was leading us into a trap!

RACHEL:

They're getting closer. Sooner or later they'll figure out we're not firing at them and we've had it!

DOCTOR:

There is one option.

GILMORE:

Well, don't stand on ceremony, Doctor, I'll take any suggestions you've got!

DOCTOR:

Surrender.

GILMORE:

What?

ACE:

You're joking!

DOCTOR:

In order to head us off, Devere must have left quickly. He wouldn't have had time to brainwash those soldiers.

GILMORE:

Meaning?

DOCTOR:

Meaning they think they're doing the right thing. He's the Deputy Prime Minister, he can sell them a lie.

RACHEL:

It's only a few miles to the launch site. They must think we're planning to attack it.

ACE:

We are planning to attack it!

DOCTOR:

They'll be open to reason. We simply need to talk to them.

GILMORE:

(BEAT) Rachel. Cardigan.

RACHEL:

What?

GILMORE:

It's the closest thing we have to a white flag.

RACHEL:

They'll shoot it to bits!

GILMORE:

Would you prefer them to shoot you instead?

RACHEL:

Alright, take it.

(SHE STRUGGLES OUT)

GILMORE:

I can tie it to my rifle...

ACE:

You think that'll work?

GILMORE:

There's no better sort than the British soldier, Miss, you can trust them implicitly. Always do the right thing.

(HE TIES THE CARDIGAN TO HIS RIFLE)

ACE:

That's not the way I remember it.

GILMORE:

Smith was... an aberration. And this is not the time.

DOCTOR:

That should do. Get your men to drop their guns.

GILMORE:

Alright, everyone, cease firing, cease firing! Arms down! We are putting ourselves at their mercy!

(GUNS CLATTER TO THE FLOOR. GILMORE HOISTS THE FLAG)

Alright, we surrender!

(CROSS BACK TO:)

73. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD [CONTINUOUS]

(DEVERE'S SOLDIERS ARE STILL FIRING)

DEVERE:

White flag... Hold your fire!

(THE GUNFIRE STOPS)

Let's see what happens next.

(CROSS BACK TO:)

74. EXT. JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

(BLUSTERY WINDS)

GILMORE:

Alright, they're coming closer, we can negotiate. (SHOUTING)
Right, people! They won't engage unless we open fire, so hold
fast! It's imperative we let them blink first.

ACE:

It actually worked!

RACHEL:

We're going to get through this alive!

(A STRUGGLE. ELEANOR BURSTS FREE)

ELEANOR:

Sorry to disappoint you!

DOCTOR:

Group-Captain, your gun!

(ELEANOR DIVES FOR IT)

ELEANOR:

Too late.

(OPENS FIRE ON DEVERE'S SOLDIERS)

Death to all Warmong-!

(DEVERE'S MEN OPEN FIRE, RIDDLING HER WITH BULLETS)

DOCTOR:

Down!

RACHEL:

She meant what she said about dying for the cause.

DOCTOR:

And now they won't trust us again.

ACE:

Rachel, if we get through this alive, a tip – never say things
like 'we're going to get through this alive'.

GILMORE:

(OUT) Alright, as before! Aim at the ground, hold them back as
long as possible!

(AS FIREFIGHT RESUMES:)

GILMORE:

I thought that blasted woman was tied up!

DOCTOR:

She was. Must have dislocated her arm to get free. Amazing willpower.

GILMORE:

I'll save being impressed for another time.

RACHEL:

If we live that long.

75. EXT. LAUNCHSITE

(SMALL CROWD. MAKING SMALL TALK)

TOBY:

I'm surprised the launch is still proceeding, Mr Vale, given yesterday's tragic events.

GIDEON:

I insisted upon it. Anything else would be capitulation. We can't submit to the desires of murderers, even appear to submit. They mustn't be allowed to win.

(WHITE MOVING APPROACHING)

WHITE:

Excuse me! Coming through! Oooh. Canapés! Delightful.

(TAKES ONE, CHEWS, ARRIVES)

GIDEON:

Francis. Where the blazes have you been?

WHITE:

Oh, you know. Tying up loose ends. Dotting the I's. Crossing the T's. As it were. How goes the launch?

GIDEON:

Well, apparently.

WHITE:

Good, good. Everything's coming up roses.

GIDEON:

Have you met Sir Toby Kinsella?

WHITE:

I don't believe I have. Delighted.

(THEY SHAKE)

TOBY:

Banner day for you, old chap.

WHITE:

You have no idea. T-minus sixty minutes. I can hardly wait.

76. EXT. JEEP

(RAIN OF BULLLETS)

DOCTOR:

Do you still have those gas grenades, Group Captain?

GILMORE:

They're in the rear truck, it's under heavy fire.

RACHEL:

Can you get to them?

GILMORE:

In time.

DOCTOR:

Which we don't have. They must be ready to launch.

GILMORE:

There's another option. Two trucks along. There's a motorbike in the back. We can't all get to the missile base in time but two people might be able to manage it on that.

ACE:

And I think we know which two.

(CROSS TO:)

77. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD [CONTINUOUS]

(MUCH FIRING)

DEVERE:

Maintain a barrage, keep advancing, they can't hold us back for ever.

(DISTANT SOUND OF MOTORBIKE STARTING UP)

What the devil?

(CROSS TO:)

78. EXT. BY JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

(ACE REVVING MOTORBIKE FURIOUSLY)

ACE:

Hold on Professor!

DOCTOR:

I never considered anything else! Head back to the last junction! We can find an alternative route!

ACE:

Copy!

(GUNS BIKE – IT RACES OFF)

GILMORE:

Right, people, hold the line, we've got to give them as much time as we can.

RACHEL:

I'll try to reach those grenades.

GILMORE:

I'll get the men to lay down covering fire.

(MORE GUNFIRE AS RACHEL MOVES OFF)

(CROSS TO:)

79. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD [CONTINUOUS]

DEVERE:

You men. Follow the bike, stop them. Rest of you, wipe out the convoy.

(GUNFIRE CONTINUES. DEVERE STEPS ASIDE. OPERATES THE SAME DEVICE AS WHITE HAD IN SCENE 25)

Come on, Francis...

80. EXT. LAUNCHSITE

(HUBBUB AS BEFORE)

WHITE:

... So I said, if he was so determined to make a nuisance of himself, he could milk the cow himself!

(GIDEON AND TOBY LAUGH. BEEP OF COMMUNICATOR)

GIDEON:

What's that noise?

WHITE:

Sorry?

TOBY:

It's coming from your pocket.

(WHITE RETRIEVES BEEPING DEVICE FROM HIS POCKET)

WHITE:

Oh, this? Prototype. Sort of alert system. Several high ranking ministers have them, I'd no idea they existed 'til yesterday. I have to deal with a little issue. If you'll excuse me.

(STEPS ASIDE)

TOBY:

Strange device.

GIDEON:

Very. (BEAT) Could you wait here, Toby? I've something that needs my attention.

TOBY:

Of course.

(GIDEON WALKS ASIDE, INTO:)

81. LAUNCHSITE — NEARBY [CONTINUOUS]

(HUBBUB MUTED. WHITE OPERATES THE CONTROLS)

DEVERE:

(DISTORT) Devere.

WHITE:

Robert, did you have to do that? These things aren't subtle, it's hardly wise drawing attention.

DEVERE:

(DISTORT) It's an emergency. You've two hostiles incoming.

WHITE:

What? You were supposed to stop them.

DEVERE:

(DISTORT) I stopped most of them, let's not be overly critical.

(CROSS TO:)

82. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD [CONTINUOUS]

(GUNFIRE CONTINUES)

WHITE:

(DISTORT) It could be worse. I'll step up the launch.

DEVERE:

Precisely what I was going to suggest.

WHITE:

(DISTORT) Head for Vale's. Open the network. Have the others ready.

(CROSS TO:)

83. LAUNCHSITE — NEARBY [CONTINUOUS]

WHITE:

Over and out.

(SWITCHES OFF DEVICE AND DEPARTS. GIDEON STEPS FORWARD)

GIDEON:

What on Earth...? Francis?

(HURRIES AFTER HIM)

84. EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

(DEVERE SWITCHES OFF DEVICE)

DEVERE:

Alright, gentlemen – I have other matters to attend to.
Continue the advance. Terminate them. With extreme prejudice.

(HOPS IN A CAR. DRIVES OFF)

(CROSS TO:)

85. EXT. JEEP [CONTINUOUS]

(THE CAR'S DEPARTURE JUST AUDIBLE)

GILMORE:

Devere's going!

(RACHEL RETURNS)

RACHEL:

Got the grenades. How do you work these things?

GILMORE:

Like this.

(TAKES ONE, ARMS IT, THROWS IT... SMALL BANG AND PFF, OFF)

RACHEL:

Simple enough, then.

(DOES THE SAME)

GILMORE:

Get them to the men. If we can knock them out we might just stand a chance of helping the Doctor!

86. ANOTHER COUNTRY ROAD

(MOTORBIKE SPEEDING ALONG)

DOCTOR:

Good job you know how to drive one of these things!

ACE:

Yeah! Shame I never passed my test!

DOCTOR:

Sorry?

ACE:

Don't worry! It was only a minor crash, I was out of hospital in months!

(GUNFIRE AROUND THEM)

Gordon Bennett!

DOCTOR:

Devere's men! They've followed us!

ACE:

They're aiming at the tyres.

DOCTOR:

Zig-zag patterns, Ace! Weave! Don't give them an easy target!

ACE:

Righto!

(SHE SPEEDS OFF)

87. BOMB CHAMBER

(WHITE BUSTLES IN)

WHITE:

Sorry to keep you waiting, Miss Williams. This'll be over soon.

ALLISON:

(DRY) Thanks.

WHITE:

(STARTS TYPING) There's the odd spanner in the works. Plans might need to be adjusted. Nothing we can't handle.

ALLISON:

So glad.

WHITE:

Very soon the missiles will be flying and civilisation as we know it will be destroyed forever.

GIDEON:

(STEPPING IN) What's this?

WHITE:

Ah.

GIDEON:

Why's that girl tied up? Is that a bomb?

WHITE:

Gideon, Gideon, Gideon. I can explain. This is not what it looks like. (QUICKLY) I'm not actually human, I'm an alien being planning to wipe out Russia and America and restore the British Empire.

GIDEON:

Francis? What are you talking about!

WHITE:

Starfire, of course.

(GIDEON MOVES OVER, NUDGES HIM AWAY. TYPES IN HIS OWN COMMANDS)

Oh, do you have to? I'd nearly finished altering the launch codes.

GIDEON:

Multiple missiles. Multiple tactical strikes on key cities. I can't believe I'm reading this.

WHITE:

Audacious, isn't it?

GIDEON:

Monstrous, more like! What are you up to?

WHITE:

I told you.

GIDEON:

It's true? It's true. Mass-murder to an inconceivable degree!
I'm going to stop this.

(TYPES FURIOUSLY)

WHITE:

But it's everything you've talked about made real! The United Kingdom as a leading force in the world again, the only leading force. England can rule the world. This is what you want!

GIDEON:

No! You're going to kill millions! I don't want people to die.

WHITE:

Please. What did you think your missile does? Smack the enemy on the bottom and issue a stern reprimand?

GIDEON:

I want my country to be a mighty nation again. A mighty nation amongst mighty nations. Not merely the biggest survivor of a global disaster. There's no cachet in that. Britain must hold its head up high. Stand proud, stand tall, be Great once more!

WHITE:

Gideon —

GIDEON:

And how can we do that standing on a mound of corpses? This is wrong, Francis! Wrong! I cannot countenance death on such a scale.

(WHITE SIGHS)

WHITE:

Is everything ready up top?

GIDEON:

Sorry?

WHITE:

You've signed the releases, authorised the launch?

GIDEON:

Of course I have, why do you –

(WHITE SHOOTS HIM)

Aargh!

(HE DROPS DEAD)

ALLISON:

No!

WHITE:

Honestly, what did he expect was going to happen? I'd repent and see the error of my ways? I'm a super-villain! Be realistic!

ALLISON:

You killed him!

WHITE:

Yes. Shame. Nice chap. Introduced him to his wife as I recall.

(TAPS SOME KEYS)

And look at this, he's made a total mess, I'm going to have to start from the beginning again. Do my troubles never cease?

(HE CONTINUES TAPPING)

ALLISON:

My heart bleeds.

88. EXT. ROAD

(MOTORBIKE SPEEDING. GUNFIRE AROUND. PROTESTORS CHANTING AS BEFORE)

ACE:

That must be it up ahead, Professor.

DOCTOR:

We need to find Sir Toby Kinsella.

ACE:

First things first. I'm more worried about getting through security.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

(THE BIKE STOPS NEAR THE PROTESTORS)

GUARD:

Yes? You authorised to enter?

DOCTOR:

(PATTING POCKETS) Um...

ACE:

Er...

DOCTOR:

(PRODUCES ONE) House of Commons pass?

(GUARD EXAMINES IT)

GUARD:

Alright.

(OPENS THE GATE)

DOCTOR:

Thank you very much.

ACE:

Cheers big ears.

(THEY DRIVE INTO:)

89. LAUNCH SITE [CONTINUOUS]

(THEY PARK UP)

ACE:

That was easier than I expected.

DOCTOR:

I think the Light have been rather hoist by their own petard. I don't believe that was a real security guard!

ACE:

Come again?

DOCTOR:

It was a D.N activist! Of course it's easy to get in, they don't know what they're doing!

ACE:

But the soldiers chasing us do. We need to get a move on, Professor!

DOCTOR:

Correct. And I think I see Sir Toby over thataway.

(THEY RUN OFF)

90. LAUNCH SITE

(CROWD CHIT-CHAT)

TOBY:

Thank you Prime Minister, I will have another, much appreciated.

(TAKES A DRINK)

DOCTOR:

(RACING UP WITH ACE) Sir Toby!

TOBY:

Good lord! Rutherford! What are you doing here?

DOCTOR:

Not Rutherford. Doctor.

TOBY:

'Doctor'? What do you – Oh. I see... And this lady is called 'Ace', I presume. Of course.

ACE:

Professor, that man with him, is it – ?

DOCTOR:

I believe it is.

ACE:

Blimey. Sorry to disturb you your highness, your worship, your... holiness...?

TOBY:

This explains rather a lot.

DOCTOR:

Not nearly enough. Group-Captain Gilmore gave me this. His I.D. It should avail me with a certain degree of credibility.

TOBY:

Don't worry, Doctor – Gilmore has mentioned you, I'm willing to take you on trust.

DOCTOR:

Likewise. Good man. You must evacuate the area immediately. We've reason to believe there's a very large bomb nearby.

TOBY:

Well we are here for the launch of a missile.

ACE:

Actually, Sir Humphrey, you're here for the launch of dozens.

TOBY:

I'm sorry?

DOCTOR:

It's a Machiavellian scheme of unusual complexity and malevolence, there really isn't time to explain further. Right now you need to get these people moving.

TOBY:

... I'll do my best.

DOCTOR:

In the meantime, we need to find Sir Francis White.

TOBY:

Gideon was following him. As I recall they entered the complex over there.

ACE:

Then let's get after them.

(RACES OFF)

DOCTOR:

Oh, and the Deputy Prime Minister ordered our pursuit by armed troops. If you could find a way of holding them back, we'd be eternally grateful. Ace! Wait for me!

(RUNS AWAY)

TOBY:

The DPM, eh? Prime Minister... I think you could provide a little assistance...

91. BOMB CHAMBER

(WHITE TYPING)

ALLISON:

You don't have to do this.

WHITE:

And you don't have to whine on and on like a modern playwright but you still do it. Launch sequence prepared and –

(DOCTOR AND ACE RUN IN)

DOCTOR:

Stop!

WHITE:

No.

(HITS A BUTTON)

Just that fraction of a second too late, I'm afraid.

ACE:

Professor, he's launched the missiles!

DOCTOR:

I know Ace, I know.

92. EXT. LAUNCH SITE

(TOBY HERDING CROWDS)

TOBY:

If you could proceed towards the exits in an orderly fashion –

(ROAR OF ROCKETS LAUNCHING BEHIND)

What the devil?

(CROSS TO:)

93. GATES [CONTINUOUS]

(PROTESTORS GOING SILENT. MISSILES RISING. RACHEL AND GILMORE'S TRUCK PULLS UP)

RACHEL:

The missiles!

GILMORE:

We're too late.

94. BOMB CHAMBER

(ROAR CONTINUING, TINNY ON A MONITOR)

WHITE:

There you go. I think you'll find that's victory. Thanks for playing, better luck next time.

ACE:

You toe-rag.

WHITE:

What? What does that even mean?

DOCTOR:

Francis —

WHITE:

I wouldn't come any closer. Not unless you want this chamber redecorated with Miss Williams' cerebral matter.

ALLISON:

He means it, Doctor. He just shot Vale!

WHITE:

I've been keeping her alive for just this eventuality. Back off.

DOCTOR:

Not exactly a good bargaining tool, seeing as you're intending to use that device to not only kill her, but several hundred people in the immediate vicinity.

WHITE:

Alright, maybe I'll just shoot you.

DOCTOR:

There's no point in this. Your cover is blown. Even as we speak Toby Kinsella is evacuating the area.

WHITE:

Then I'd better kill everyone quickly, hadn't I? —

(GUNSHOT FROM OFF. WHITE'S BODY DROPS)

GILMORE:

(WALKING FORWARD FROM OFF, RACHEL BESIDE) Sorry. Would have got here earlier but the roads were rammed.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Group-Captain. I believe you just saved my life.

GILMORE:

I like to return a favour.

RACHEL:

Doctor, the missiles. We saw them launch. Is that it? We've failed?

DOCTOR:

Not necessarily. Ace, help the Group-Captain extricate Allison.

ACE:

Right you are.

(SHE DOES SO)

ALLISON:

Thank you. I'm losing the feeling in my legs.

(THE DOCTOR APPROACHES THE COMPUTER)

DOCTOR:

If I can access the control network, I should be able to redirect the missile's trajectory.

RACHEL:

Is that possible? They're phenomenally quick. Vale told me as much himself. It won't be more than about thirty seconds before it'll be impossible to change their flight pattern. You'll have to alter each one's course manually, and the mental calculations involved are phenomenally difficult.

DOCTOR:

Good job I'm a genius then.

(HE TYPES HURRIEDLY)

Now, where to crash them without causing massive fallout?

RACHEL:

Vale said the missiles don't arm until mid-flight. There's time to abort if necessary.

DOCTOR:

(TAPPING CONTROLS) They've been programmed to activate halfway across the Atlantic. If I can crash them within UK airspace, they warheads won't detonate.

ACE:

(APPROACHING) But where you going to do that?

ALLISON:

(JOINING HER) Even if they're not armed, it'll be an enormous explosion.

DOCTOR:

One obvious target leaps to mind...

95. SECRET WING — ROOM 1

(DEVERE OPERATING CONTROLS)

DEVERE:

Come in all operatives. This is Devere at the Vale mansion. The plan has gone awry, we need to initiate contingency controls gamma and —

(THE SOUND OF MULTIPLE OBJECTS FALLING TOWARDS THE MANSION)

What is that noise? — (INTO RADIO) I'm sorry, Operatives, I can barely myself speak above the sound of those... ah.

(THEY STRIKE. ENORMOUS EXPLOSION. FADE OUT)

96. WHITEHALL

(BIG BEN AGAIN)

TOBY:

As you can see from these photographs, where once stood the Vale Mansion is now nothing more than a smoking crater. You say Vale's basement contained all manner of advanced extra-terrestrial technology?

GILMORE:

So Rachel said.

TOBY:

Pity. It was totally destroyed in the blast. We could have done with the leg up.

DOCTOR:

Best not. Humanity isn't ready for the Light's level of advancement yet.

TOBY:

Remarkable how easily you manage to patronise an entire species, Doctor. I've never felt quite as small in all my life. And I went to boarding school.

GILMORE:

Odd thing though. According to my reports, at almost exactly the moment of the explosion there was a wave of deaths throughout the government and the military. Politicians of all parties, civil servants, military leaders, even minor royals. Dropped dead simultaneously.

DOCTOR:

Ace mentioned a semi-psychic communication network. It must have been the Light's primary control centre. If Devere was operating it at the time the missiles hit, the resultant shockwave would have sent out a psychic pulse fatal to anyone attached to the system.

GILMORE:

It took them out?

DOCTOR:

All those Devere had contacted. There might be others not connected to the network at the time. They'll live on. Somewhere.

TOBY:

Which is why I've recommended more extensive funding be directed to the Counter-Measures group. There were more than enough witnesses to Saturday's events for your team's necessity to become apparent. Obviously I haven't, if you will, illuminated Parliament as to the Light's true nature; I merely suggested that a covert unit operating within the highest echelons of the British establishment had been acting against its own best interests. The Doctor has agreed to enter a private member's bill recommending proper financing for your team.

GILMORE:

Thank you.

TOBY:

It will take some time and you'll more than likely sit around twiddling your thumbs in the meantime, but it should solve all your worries.

GILMORE:

Won't that tie you down for some time, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Oh, I've all the time in the world. If you'll excuse me one moment.

(HE EXITS)

TOBY:

Odd man.

GILMORE:

He probably thinks the same about us.

TOBY:

Send the ladies my congratulations. An admirable job, well done. You should be proud Gilmore. This is the first step in a long journey. I hope you enjoy the ride.

GILMORE:

I hope so too. Goodnight sir.

TOBY:

Goodnight.

97. OFFICES

(RACHEL PACKING)

ALLISON:

Rachel, you're sure I can't persuade you to stay with us? It's been awfully lonely here.

RACHEL:

Thank you, but no. If I hadn't made up my mind before, I certainly have now. I've had more than enough alien incursions to last a lifetime. The moment I decide to stay on here permanently is the day I've gone totally mad.

ACE:

Just you wait, Allison. She'll be back. Saving the world's addictive. I should know.

DOCTOR:

(ALREADY THERE) Speaking of which, we've several other worlds we should be looking out for. Thank you, ladies. A pleasure as always.

(GILMORE ENTERS)

GILMORE:

Rachel, Allison, I – Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Oh hello, Group-Captain.

GILMORE:

Have you just changed your jacket?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly. I changed it three months ago. That's from my perspective. From yours, in another seven.

RACHEL:

I'm sorry?

ALLISON:

You've lost me.

DOCTOR:

I couldn't let down my constituents. They expected me to sit in the house until the next general election. So I did. I've just come back from October next year to pick up Ace.

GILMORE:

I beg your pardon?

ACE:

He does this all the time. Best not to think about it, really.

GILMORE:

I'll try not to.

DOCTOR:

Goodbye. I hope you enjoy your lives without me.

RACHEL:

I imagine they'll be much quieter.

DOCTOR:

You never know.

ACE:

See ya!

(THEY START TO GO. ALLISON STOPS THEM)

ALLISON:

Doctor, are the Light still out there? Are you going to be safe?

DOCTOR:

Oh, they're out there alright. Spread out across the universe. I've disrupted their plans. They'll want revenge.

ACE:

So we'll just have to stop them then. Won't we?

DOCTOR:

Of course, Ace. It's what we do. It's what I've always done. Travels in a police box and adventures without end. Come along. The journey's just beginning.

(CLOSING THEME, INTO:)

98. POST CREDITS. KREMLIN

(RUSSIAN MUSIC PLAYING. STOMPY BOOTS TO STOP)

HANDLER:

Ah. Comrade Salinsky. You have returned at last. Your exploits in the West have not gone unrecognised. The codes you have secured for us will soon be used to silence their decadence. But the KGB has insisted I am shifted to a new case. Meet your new handler:

(SOMEONE IS APPROACHING SLOWLY)

Comrade... Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Preevyet. Comrade.

THE END